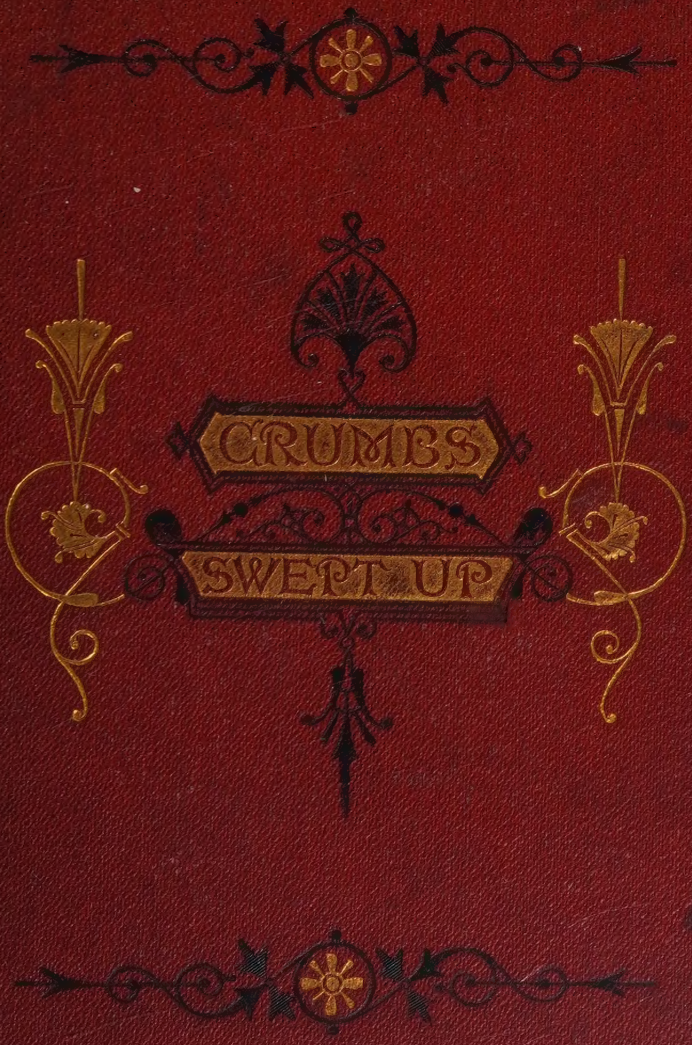
CRUMBS
SWEPT UP

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BY

T. DE WITT TALMAGE,

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CUT BEHIND!

CUT BEHIND!

SCENE :—A crisp morning. Carriage with spinning wheels, whose spokes glisten like splinters of the sun. Roan horse, flecked with foam, bending into the bit, his polished feet drumming the pavement in challenge of any horse that thinks he can go as fast. Two boys running to get on the back of the carriage. One of them, with quick spring, succeeds. The other leaps, but fails, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "CUT BEHIND!"

Human nature the same in boy as man. All running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "CUT BEHIND!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out: "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country 'CUT BEHIND!'"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They jostle. They tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug! Those talk most against riches who

cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize, and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries: "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blackened his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! CUT BEHIND! CUT BEHIND!"

It is strange that there should be any rivalries among ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work. But in some things they are much like other people. Like all other classes of men, they have one liver apiece, and here and there one of them a spleen. In all cases the epigastric region is higher up than the hypogastric, save in the act of turning somerset. Like others, they eat three times a day when they can get anything to eat. Besides this, it sometimes happens that we find them racing for some professional

chair or pulpit. They run well—neck and neck—while churches look on and wonder whether it will be "Dexter" or the "American Girl." Rowels plunge deep, and fierce is the cry, "Go 'long! Go 'long!" The privilege of preaching the Gospel to the poor on five thousand dollars a-year is enough to make a tight race anywhere. But only one mounts the coveted place; and forthwith the cry goes up in consociations and synods: "Unfit for the place! Can't preach! Unsound in the faith! Now is your chance, O conferences and presbyteries, to CUT BEHIND!"

A fair woman passes. We all admire beauty. He that says he don't, *lies*. A canting man, who told me he had no admiration for anything earthly, used, instead of listening to the sermon, to keep squinting over toward the pew where sat Squire Brown's daughter. Whether God plants a rose in parterre or human cheek, we must admire it, whether we

will or not. While we are deciding whether we had better take that dahlia, the dahlia takes us. A star does not ask the astronomer to admire it; but just winks at him, and he surrenders, with all his telescopes. This fair woman in society has many satellites. The boys all run for this prize. One of them, not having read enough novels to learn that ugliness is more desirable than beauty, wins her. The cry is up; "She paints! Looks well; but she knows it. Good shape; but I wonder what is the price of cotton! Won't she make him stand around! Practicality worth more than black eyes! Fool to marry a virago!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why?" said the snowbird. "Because," said the snowflake, "you are going *up*, and I am going *down!*"

We have to state that the man in the carriage on the crisp morning, though he had a long

lash-whip, with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not *cut behind.* He was an old man; in the corner of his mouth a smile, which was always as ready to play as a kitten that watches for some one with a string to offer the slightest inducement. He heard the shout in the rear, and said: "Good morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold, and drive. Was a boy myself once, and I know what tickles youngsters."

Thank God there are so many in the world that never *cut behind,* but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. Here is a young man, clerk in a store. He has small wages, and a mother to take care of. For ten years he struggles to get into a higher place. The first of January comes, and the head of the commercial house looks round and says, "Trying to get up, are you?" And by the time three more years have passed the boy

sits right beside the old man, who hands over the reins, and says, "Drive!" for the old merchant knew what would tickle the youngster. Jonathan Goodhue was a boy behind the counter; but his employer gave him a ride, and London, Canton, and Calcutta heard the scratch of his pen. Lenox, Grinnell, and the Aspinwalls carried many young men a mile on the high road of prosperity.

There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in, and a horse not too skittish! As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load!

When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasant

to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never *cut behind* at those who were struggling.

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS FROSTED.

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS FROSTED.

HER mother did not do right. So Bessie was the chief light of her father's house. In childhood, light-footed, merry-hearted, bright-eyed, she skipped into the admiration of all who saw her. You could no more keep her out of your heart than you could bar out the breath of honeysuckle from your opened window. People passed in the street, and looked down into her eyes, and stopped, and asked who it was, and found out that it was Bessie the beautiful. In choicest school she was educated, and returned home with all the graces of young womanhood, the

inrushing light of a new morning, before which the long shadows lifted. In the drawing-room, while the groups of young people moved round, her father not long at a time kept his eye off her who was unconsciously becoming his idol. To him no one had so sweet a voice, so captivating a manner, so kind a heart, so loving a disposition. But Bessie responded with full as much ardour of affection. She well knew how to stroke the care out of her father's troubled brow. With griefs that he could tell no other, he often woke her at midnight, and went back to his own pillow comforted. Opening his own door at nightfall, before he had time to see the skeleton of trouble that hung before the hearth, there burst upon him the laughter of his child, like a warm shower against a bank of blasted heather.

Next to God, upon whom this good man stayed his soul, was the love and sympathy of Bessie the beautiful. They sat together as

lovers sit, and walked out in the hush of the moonlight, and together visited the hovel of the sick, one hand on her father's arm, the other thrust through a basket of delicacies that would be cool and pleasant to the parched lips. The one with deep voice would offer a prayer for the coming of God's angel of help, and the sick man would look up to where the maiden stood, and would think that the prayer was already answered, and the angel come.

But Bessie changed her mind. Maidens will sometimes change their minds. Not that she loved her father less, but that she loved another more. Old eagles need not, I can tell them, expect always to keep young eaglets in their eyry. Who ever had in his cage a bird of glossy wing and gushing song, but some one else looked at it wistfully, and wondered if in some other cage its wing would not be just as glossy, and its song as sweet? One day the father looked at the vine that had

only one blossom, and behold there were two. One for him—one for another. The father's blossom no smaller, but the other a little deeper hued. A young man plucked the one to wear on his own heart.

The church was lighted. All through the Western city it had been whispered that the silver hammer was about to fall on the altar, smiting two lives into one. As the lights flashed up, they did not seem to flame steadily, as on Sabbath eve; but with a throb, and flicker, and nervous tremor, as though they were ready to leap and laugh, not wishing merely to light others, but wanting for themselves to see. A dense mass of people filled the house, and with their heads half turned toward the door, waited in thrill of expectation. The door opened, and with exciting buzz, hundreds of voices said: "There they come!" But, no! It was only the minister,

book under arm, stepping lighter than on other days, rejoicing to think with how few words he might make two people happy. Men took out their watches, and said: "They are five minutes late!" But blame them not, for what are five minutes to a couple at such a time, when they live fifty years in half-an-hour? Again there was a step in the vestibule, and this time it was certain that the parties had come, and ribbons fluttered, and pew-doors on middle aisle swung shut to give clear way to the long trail of the dresses. But no! it was an aged man, who had held Bessie's father on his knee, and who had come in, wondering how time flits by, and saying to some one who got up and gave him a seat: "I thought I would attend one more wedding before I die. It seems only yesterday when I trotted her on my knee! How these young things do sprout up! Bless me! if I were only a little younger, I would have contested

for that prize." But at last there was the unmistakable clash of wheels and hoofs—for horses always know when they are going to a wedding—and orders to stand back, and as the organ, unable longer to hold its peace, breaks forth in the wedding-march, keys, pedals, stops, and pipes are as much excited as if it were themselves about to be made happy.

My heart got into my throat, as, standing at the altar, I saw the brilliant line advance, rustle, and tramp, and gleam, and ruddy cheek, and fluttering hearts, and streaming veil. The attendants came first, man and maiden, parting at the foot of the altar, and going to either side, as a stream breaks in twain at the foot of mossed rock, to join again, perchance, a little further down the hill. At last confronted me the tall figure of a young man, with lips whiter than was his wont: on his arm, blushing as any climbing rose, when in a strong breeze

it leans its whole weight upon a trembling trellis, was Bessie the beautiful. This stream broke not at the foot of the mossed rock. A hush came down, such as drops from heaven, and as they bowed for a blessing, and the ring was set, and in strong, clear, sweet voice came from that girl's lips the solemn "I will," in all eyes the tears started—not grief-struck tears, but glad as morning dewdrops glistening in the blue eyes of violets. "God bless her!" said young and old; "God bless her!" said the working-woman who had helped bring up Bessie, and who, to the astonishment of all, had walked into the church right behind the bridal party, saying to those who told her to stand back: "I brought her up, and I will see her married!" As the bridal party passed out, the whole church was perfumed with orange-blossoms. As I think of it, now that years have gone by, though much of the scene has faded from my mind, every avenue and

cell of memory is filled till they can hold no more with the odour of the orange-blossoms.

Time passed on, and the vine put forth another flower. *In its blooming, the vine withered away.* Another life given, but one gone. The hand that launched an immortal on the sea falls benumbed of the blast that came off the waters. The church again is lighted. There is a dense throng filling seats aisles, and doorways. The assemblage that came before come again. Joy gathered us before, grief convoked us now. The one upon whom hundreds of eyes concentrated then is the chief object of interest now. She wears not the bridal veil, but a chaplet of flowers about her brow, white and beautiful as her own glorified spirit. A procession again comes up the aisle, but with slower and more solemn tread. She is happier now than then. She wears the same dress, for in what garment so well should such an one be wrapped as in

bright marriage apparel? Tears then, and tears now, but those were sun-glistened, these are thunder-shaken. The same organ sounds, but a dirge tramples the pedal. The same lips speak from the altar; but then they offered congratulation—now they utter condolence. The wreath on the cold, white brow looks like an April crocus on a ridge of virgin snow.

A story told in four short sentences:

A BLACK HAWK SWOOPED UPON THE BROOD!

RING BROKEN!

LIGHTS OUT!

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS FROSTED!

OUR SPECTACLES.

OUR SPECTACLES.

A MAN never looks more dignified than when he takes a spectacle-case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences overawed by such a demonstration, feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face, who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose, could give an irresistible look, and by one glance around the room would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men, who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such facial appendage, been made to look so classical, that the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents additional salary. Indeed, we have known men who had kept their parishes quiet by this spectacular power. If Deacon Jones criticised, or Mrs. Go-about gossipped, the dominie would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose close up to his eyebrows, and concentre all the majesty of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning-glass of Archimedes devoured the Roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted, and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or

temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently—not so much because our eyes are different, as because the medium through which we look is different.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. Taking our position at Trinity Church, and looking down Wall-street, everything is gloomy and depressing in financials, and looking up Broadway, everything is horrible in the fashions of the day. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned-beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy, men so heavy, and the world so dark? *Blue* spectacles, my dear,

BLUE SPECTACLES!

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs in Chatham-street for twelve cents, and diamonds at the dollar-store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a greenback with an X on it as a sure sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite; and that when people go to see the lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit,

and buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal-tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a gruff "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? *Green* goggles, my dear,

GREEN GOGGLES!

Your neighbour's first great idea in life is a dollar; the second idea is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him merely a question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is

down on Fourth of Julys and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece. He has calculated how much the interest would have been on the widow's "two mites" if she had only kept them till now. He thinks that the celestial city with pavements of gold is a great waste of bullion. No steel or bone eye-glass would fit the bridge of his nose. Through what does he look? *Gold* spectacles, my dear,

GOLD SPECTACLES!

I know a man who sees everything as it is: black is black, white is white, and speckled is speckled. He looks straight through a man, taking him at any point—heart, lungs, liver,

ribs, backbone being no obstruction. People pass before him for what they are worth. The colour of the skin is nothing, the epaulettes nothing, the spurs are nothing. He thinks no more of a dog because it once ran under the carriage of the Lord Mayor; and when a prince has an attack of nose-bleeding, the blood seems no more royal than that of other people. He takes out of one of his vest-pockets, scales, in which he weighs a man in an instant. He takes out of the other vest-pocket a chemical apparatus, by which he tells how much of the man is solid, and how much gas. He never saw an angel or a spook. He never had a presentiment. Rather than trouble the spirits of the future world to come this way, he concludes to wait till he can go to them. He consults no wizard to find out the future; but by honest industry and Christian principle, tells his own fortune. The number of cats that wake him up at unseasonable hours

is four, while to others it would have been fifty. In the music of his life there are but few staccato passages. He uses no microscope to enlarge the little, or telescope to bring hither the distant, but simply a plain pair of spectacles, honest spectacles,

TRUTH-SPEAKING SPECTACLES!

But sometimes these optical instruments get old and dim. Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then

look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapour floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapour that appeareth for a

little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried, "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now *through a glass darkly!* Grandmother had NO MORE NEED OF SPECTACLES!

MINISTERS' SUNSHINE.

MINISTERS' SUNSHINE.

SO much has been written of the hardships of clergymen, small salaries, unreasonable churches, mean committees, and impudent parishioners, that parents seeking for their children's happiness are not wont to desire them to enter the sacred calling. Indeed, the story of empty bread-trays and cheerless parsonages has not half been told. But there is another side to the picture. Ministers' wives are not all vixens, nor their children scapegraces. Pastors do not always step on thorns and preach to empty benches. The parish sewing-society does not always

roast their pastor over the slow fires of tittle-tattle. There is no inevitable connection between the Gospel and bronchitis. As far as we have observed, the brightest sunshine is ministers' sunshine. They have access to refined circles, means to give a good education to their children, friends to stand by them in every perplexity, and through the branches that drop occasional shadows on their way, sifts the golden light of great enjoyment.

It was about six o'clock of a June afternoon, the sun striking aslant upon the river, when the young minister and his bride were riding toward their new home. The air was bewitched with fragrance of field and garden, and a hum with bees out honey-making. The lengthening shadows did not fall on the road the twain passed; at least, they saw none. The leaves shook out a welcome, and as the carriage rumbled across the bridge in front of the house at which they were for a few days to tarry, it

seemed as if hoof and wheel understood the transport of the hour. The weeks of bridal congratulation had ended, and here they were at the door of the good deacon who would entertain them. The village was all astir that evening. As far as politeness would allow, there was peering from the doors, and looking through the blinds, for everybody would see the new minister's wife; and children, swinging on the gate, rushed in the back way to cry out, "They are coming!"

The minister and his bride alighted amid hearty welcomes, for the flock had been for a long while without a shepherd, and all imagined something of the embarrassment of a young man with the ink hardly dry on his parchment of licensure, and a girl just entering into the responsibility of a clergyman's wife.

After tea, some of the parishioners came in. Old Mr. Bromlette stepped up to offer a greeting. He owned a large estate, had been born

in high life, was a genuine aristocrat, and had in his possession silver plate which his father used in entertaining General Washington. He had no pretension or pomp of manner, but showed by his walk and his conversation that he had always moved in polite circles. He was a fat man, and wiped the perspiration from his brow—sweat started not more by his walk than the excitement of the occasion—and said, "Hot night, dominie!" He began the conversation by asking the minister who his father was, and who his grandfather; and when he found that there was in the ancestral line of the minister a dignitary, seemed delighted, and said, "I knew him well. Danced forty years ago with his daughter at Saratoga." He added, "I think we will be able to make you comfortable here. We have in our village some families of highly respectable descent. Here is our friend over the way; his grandfather was wounded at Monmouth. He would

have called in to-night, but he is in the city at a banquet given in honour of one of the English lords. Let me see; what's his name?" At this point the door opened, and the servant looked in and said, "Mr. Bromlette, your carriage is waiting," "Good-night, dominie!" said the old gentleman; "I hope to see you at my house to-morrow. The Governor will dine with us, and about two o'clock my carriage will call for you. You look tired. Better retire early. Good-night, ladies and gentlemen!"

MacMillan the Scotchman now entered into conversation. He was brawny and blunt. Looked dead in earnest. Seldom saw anything to laugh at. He was of the cast-iron make, and if he had cared much about family blood, could no doubt have traced it back to Drumclog or Bothwell Bridge. He said, "I come in to-night to welcome you as a minister of the New Covenant. Do not know much about you. What catechism did you

stoody?" "Westminster," replied the clergyman. "Praise God for that!" said the Scotchman. "I think you must belong to the good old orthodox, out-and-out Calvinistic school. I must be going home, for it is nine o'clock, and I never allow the children to go to bed until I have sung with them a Psalm of David. Do not like to suggest, but if parfactly convaniant, give us next Sabbath a solid sermon about the eternal decrees. Suppose you have read 'McCosh on the Divine Government.' Do not think anything surpasses that, unless it be 'Edwards on the Will.' Good-night!" he said, as he picked up his hat, which he had persisted in setting on the floor beside him. "Hope we will meet often in this world, and in the next; we most certainly will if we have been elected. Good-night! I will stand by you as long as I find you contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." And without bowing to the rest he started

through the hall, and began to rattle the front door, and shouted, "Here, somebody! open this door! Hope we shall not have as much trouble in getting open the door of heaven!"

Mrs. Durbin was present that evening. She was always present when pleasant words were to be uttered, or kind deeds done. She was any minister's blessing. If the pastor had a cough, she would come right into his house, only half knocking, and in the kitchen, over the hot stove, she would stand mixing all sorts of pleasant things to take. From her table often came in a plate of biscuit, or a bowl of berries already sugared. If the pulpit must be upholstered, she was head of the committee. If money was to be raised for a musical instrument, she begged it, no man saying nay, even if he could ill afford to contribute. Everybody liked her. Everybody blessed her. She stepped quick; had a laugh that was catching; knew all the sick; had her pocket full of nuts and

picture-books. When she went through the poorer parts of the village, the little ragamuffins, white and black, would come out and say, "Here comes Mrs. Durbin!"

But do not fall in love with Mrs. Durbin, for she was married. Her husband was a man of the world, took things easy, let his wife go to church as much as she desired, if she would not bother him with her religion, gave her as much money as she wanted, but teased her unmercifully about the poor urchins who followed her in the street, and used to say, "My dear! have you found out any new Lazarus? I am afraid you will get the small-pox if you don't stop carrying victuals into those nigger shanties!"

Mrs. Durbin talked rapidly that night, but mostly to the pastor's wife. Was overheard to be laying plans for a ride to the Falls. Hoped that the minister would not work too hard at the start. Told him that after he got

rested he might go and visit a family near by who were greatly distressed, and wanted a minister to pray with them. As she rose to go, she said, "If you need anything at all, be at perfect liberty to send." Her husband arose at the same time. He had not said a word, and felt a little awkward in the presence of so many church-people. But he came up and took the minister's hand, and said, "Call and see us! I am not a church-man, as you will soon find out. I hardly ever go to church, except on Thanksgiving Days, or now and then when the notion takes me. Still, I have a good horse. Anybody can drive him, and he is any time at your disposal. All you have to do is just to get in and take up the ribbons. My wife takes care of the religion, and I mind the horses. She has what our college-bred Joe calls the '*Suaviter in modo*,' and I have the '*Fortiter in re*.' Good-bye! Take care of yourself!"

Elder Lucas was there; a man of fifty. His great characteristic was, that he never said anything, but always acted. Never exhorted or prayed in public: only listened. One time at the church-meeting, called for the purpose of increasing the minister's salary, where Robert Cruikshank spoke four times in favour of the project, and afterward subscribed one dollar, Lucas was still, but subscribed fifty dollars. On the evening of which we chiefly write, he sat silently looking at his new pastor. Those who thought he felt nothing were greatly mistaken. He was all kindness and love. Much of the time there were emotional tears in his eyes, but few saw them, for he had a sly habit of looking the other way till they dried up; or if they continued to run, he would rub his handkerchief across his nose, allowing it accidentally to slip up to the corner of his eyes, and so nothing of emotion was suspected. He never offered to

do anything, but always did it. He never promised to send a carriage to take his minister a riding, but often sent it. Never gave notice two weeks before of an intended barrel of flour; but it was, without any warning, rolled into the back entry. He did not some day in front of the church, in the presence of half the congregation, tell the minister that he meant to give him a suit of clothes, but slily found out who was the clergyman's tailor, and then, by a former measurement, had the garments made and sent up on Saturday night with his compliments, for two weeks keeping out of the way for fear the minister would thank him.

When Elder Lucas left that evening, he came up, and without saying a word, gave the minister a quick shake of the hand, and over forehead, cheek, and hands of the bashful man passed a succession of blushes.

But the life of the little company that night

was Harry Bronson. Probably in no other man was there ever compressed more vivacity of nature. He was a wonderful compound of mirthfulness and piety. Old men always took his hand with affection, and children ran wild when they saw him. On Sunday he prayed like a minister; but on Monday, among the boys, he could jump the highest, run the swiftest, shout the loudest, bat the truest, and turn somersault the easiest. Indeed, there were in the church two or three awful-visaged people who thought that Harry Bronson ought to be disciplined, and that sanctification was never accompanied by kicking up of the heels. They remonstrated with him, but before he got out of sight, and while they were yet praying for the good effect of their admonition, he put his hand on the top of the fence, and, without touching, leaped over, not because there was any need of crossing the fence, for, showing that he was actuated by nothing but

worldliness and frivolity, he put his hand on the top of the rail and leaped back again. If there was anything funny he was sure to see it, and had a way of striking attitudes, and imitating peculiar intonations, and walked sometimes on his toes, and sometimes on his heels, till one evening, at church, one of the brethren, with a religion made up of equal portions of sour-krout, mustard, and red pepper, prayed right at him, saying, "If there is any brother present who does not walk as he should, we pray Thee that Thou wouldst do with him as Thou didst with Sennacherib of old, and put a hook in his nose and turn him back!" To which prayer Harry Bronson responded, "Amen!" never supposing that the hook was meant for his own nose. The reprimanding brother, finding his prayer ineffectual, and that the Lord was unwilling to take Harry in his hands, resolved to attend to the case himself, and the second time proposed to undertake

the work of admonition, not in beseeching terms as before, but with a fiery indignation that would either be, as he expressed it, a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death. But, entering Harry Bronson's house that evening, he found him on his hands and knees playing "Bear" with his children, and cutting such a ludicrous figure, that the lachrymose Elder for once lost his gravity, and joined in the merriment with such a full gush of laughter, that he did not feel it would be consistent to undertake his mission, since the facetious Harry might turn on him and say, "Physician, heal thyself!"

That night, at the minister's welcome, Harry was in full glee. The first grasp he gave on entering the room, and the words of greeting that he offered, and the whole-souled, intense manner with which he confronted the young clergyman, showed him to be one of those earnest, active, intelligent, loving and lovable

Christian men, who are a treasure to any pastor.

He had a story for every turn of the evening's entertainment, and took all the spare room in the parlour to tell it. The gravest men in the party would take a joke from him. When MacMillan asked the minister about his choice of catechism, Harry ventured the opinion that he thought "Brown's Shorter" good enough for anybody. "Ah!" said MacMillan, "Harry, you rogue, stop that joking!" When Mr. Bromlette offered his carriage, Bronson offered to loan a wheelbarrow. He asked Mrs. Durbin if she wanted any more combs or castile-soap for her mission in Dirt Alley. He almost drew into conversation the silent Mr. Lucas, asking a strange question; and because Lucas, through embarrassment, made no response, saying, "Silence gives consent!" Was full of narratives about weddings, and general trainings, and parish-meet-

ings. Stayed till all the rest were gone, for he never was talked out.

"Well, well!" said two of the party that night as they shut the front door, "we will have to tell Harry Bronson to serve God in his own way." I guess there may sometimes be as much religion in laughing as in crying. We cannot make such a man as that keep step to a "Dead March." I think the dew of grace may fall just as certainly on a grotesque cactus as a precise primrose. Indeed, the jubilant palm-tree bears fruit, while the weeping-willow throws its worthless catkins into the brook.

The first Sunday came. The congregation gathered early. The brown-stone church was a beautiful structure, within and without. An adjacent quarry had furnished the material, and the architect and builder, who were men of taste, had not been interfered with. A few creeping vines had been planted at the front

and side, and a white-rose bush stood at the door, flinging its fragrance across the yard. Many had gone in and taken their seats, but others had stayed at the door to watch the coming of the new minister and his bride. She is gone now, and it is no flattery to write that she was fair to look upon, delicate in structure of body, eye large and blue, hair in which were folded the shadows of midnight, erect carriage, but quite small. She was such a one as you could pick up and carry over a stream with one arm. She had a sweet voice, and had stood several years in the choir of the city churches, and had withal a magic of presence that had turned all whom she ever met into warm personal admirers. Her hand trembled on her husband's arm as that day they went up the steps of the meeting-house, gazed at intently by young and old. The pastor looked paler even than was his wont. His voice quavered in reading the hymn, and he looked

confused in making the publications. That day, a mother had brought her child for baptism, and for the first time he officiated in that ceremony. Had hard work to remember the words, and knew not what to do next. When he came to preach, in his excitement he could not find his sermon. It had fallen back of the sofa. Looked up and down, and forward and backward. Fished it out at last, just in time to come up, flushed and hot, to read the text. Made a very feeble attempt at preaching. But all were ready to hear his words. The young sympathised with him, for he was young. And the old looked on him with a sort of paternal indulgence. At the few words in which he commended himself and his to their sympathy and care, they broke forth into weeping. And at the foot of the pulpit, at the close of service, the people gathered, poor and rich, to offer their right hand.

MacMillan the Scotchman said, "Young

man! that's the right doctrine; the same that Dr. Duncan taught me forty years ago at the kirk in the glen!" Mr. Bromlette came up, and introduced to the young minister a young man who was a baronet, and a lady who was by marriage somehow related to the Astors. Harry Bronson took his pastor by the hand, and said, "That sermon went right to the spot. Glad you found it. Was afraid you would never fish it out from behind that sofa. When I saw you on all-fours, looking it up, thought I should burst." Lucas, with his eyes red as a half-hour of crying could make them, took the minister's hand, but said nothing, only looked more thanks and kindness than words could have expressed. Mr. Durbin said, "How are you? Broke in on my rule to-day and came to church. Little curious, you see. Did not believe it quite all, but that will do. Glad you gave it to those Christians. Saw them wince under it!" Mrs. Durbin was meanwhile em-

ployed in introducing the bride to the people at the door who were a little backward. Begged them to come up. Drew up an array of four or five children that she had clothed and brought out of the shanties to attend church. Said, "This is Bridget Maloy, and that Ellen Haggerty. Good girls they are, too, and like to come to church!"

For a long time the hand-shakings continued, and some who could not get confidence even to wait at the door, stretched their hands out from the covered waggon, and gave a pleasant "How do you do?" or "God bless you," till the minister and his wife agreed that their happiness was full, and went home, saying, "This, indeed, is MINISTERS' SUNSHINE!"

The parsonage was only a little distance off, but the pastor had nothing with which to furnish it. The grass was long, and needed to be cut, and the weeds were covering the garden. On Monday morning the pastor and

his wife were saying what a pity it was that they were not able to take immediate possession. They could be so happy in such a cosy place. Never mind! They would out of the first year's salary save enough to warrant going to housekeeping.

That afternoon the sewing society met. That society never disgraced itself with gossip. They were good women, and met together, sometimes to sew for the destitute of the village, and sometimes to send garments to the suffering home missionaries. For two hours their needles would fly, and then off for home, better for their philanthropic labours. But that afternoon the ladies stood round the room in knots, a-whispering. Could it be that the society was losing its good name and was becoming a school of scandal? That could not be, for Mrs. Durbin seemed the most active in the company, and Mrs. Durbin was always right.

Next morning, while the minister and his wife were talking over this secrecy of conversation at the sewing-circle, Harry Bronson came in and asked the young pastor if he was not weary with last Sunday's work. He answered, "No!" "Well," suggested Harry, "I think you had better take a few days' rest, anyhow. Go off and see your friends. My carriage will, in about an hour, go to the cars, and I will meet you on Saturday night. Think it will do you both good."

"Well, well!" said the minister, while aside consulting with his wife, "what does this mean? Are they tired of us so soon? Is this any result of yesterday's whispering? But they make the suggestion, and I shall take it." So that Tuesday evening found them walking the streets of the neighbouring city, wondering what all this meant. Saturday came, and on the arrival of the afternoon train Harry Bronson was ready to meet the young parson and his

wife. They rode up to the place of their previous entertainment. After tea, Bronson said, "We have been making a little alteration at the parsonage since you were gone." "Have you?" exclaimed the minister. "Come, my dear, let us go up and see!" As they passed up the steps of the old parsonage, the roses and the lilacs on either side swung in the evening air. The river in front glowed under the long row of willows, and parties of villagers in white passed by in the rocking-boat, singing "Life on the ocean wave." It was just before sunset, and what with the perfume, and the roseate clouds, and the rustling of the maples, and the romance of a thousand dawning expectations—it was an evening never to be forgotten. Its flowers will never close. Its clouds will never melt. Its waters will never lose their sheen. Its aroma will never float away.

The key was thrust into the door and it swung open. "What does this mean?" they

both cried out at the same time. "Who put down this carpet, and set here these chairs, and hung this hall-lamp?" They stood as if transfixed. It was no shabby carpet, but one that showed that many dollars had been expended, and much taste employed, and much effort exerted. They opened the parlour-door, and there they all stood—sofa, and whatnot, and chair, and stand, and mantel ornament, and picture. They went upstairs, and every room was furnished; beds with beautiful white counterpanes, and vases filled with flowers, and walls hung with engravings. Everything complete.

These surprised people came downstairs to the pantry. Found boxes of sugar, bags of salt, cans of preserves, packages of spices, bins of flour, loaves of bread. Went to the basement, and found pails, baskets, dippers, cups, saucers, plates, forks, knives, spoons, strainers, bowls, pitchers, tubs, and a huge stove

filled with fuel, and a lucifer-match lying on the lid; so that all the young married pair would have to do in going to housekeeping, would be to strike the match and apply it to the shavings. In the study, adorned with lounge and flowers, and on a table, covered with bright green baize, lay an envelope enclosing a card, on which was written, "Please accept from a few friends."

Had Aladdin been around with his lamp? Was this a vision such as comes to one about half awake on a sunshiny morning? They sat down, weak and tearful from surprise, thanked God, blessed Mrs. Durbin, knew that Mr. Bromlette's purse had been busy, felt that silent Mr. Lucas had at last spoken, realised that Harry Bronson had been perpetrating a practical joke, were certain that MacMillan had at last been brought to believe a little in "works," and exclaimed, "Verily, this is Ministers' Sunshine!" and as the slanting rays of the setting day struck the porcelain pitcher, and printed

another figure on the carpet, and threw its gold on the cushion of the easy-chair, it seemed as if everything within, and everything around, and everything above, responded, "Ministers' Sunshine!"

The fact was, that during the absence of the new pastor that week, the whole village had been topsy-turvy with excitement. People standing together in knots, others running in and out of doors; the hunting up of measuring-rods; the running around of committees with everything to do, and so little time in which to do it. Somebody had proposed a very cheap furnishing of the house, but Mr. Bromlette said, "This will never do. How can we prosper, if, living in fine houses ourselves, we let our minister go half cared for? The sheep shall not be better off than the shepherd!" and down went his name on the subscription with a liberal sum.

MacMillan said, "I am in favour of taking

care of the Lord's anointed. And this young minister of the everlasting Gospel hinted that he believed in the perseverance of the saints, and other cardinal doctrines, and you may put me down for so much, and that is twice what I can afford to give, but we must have faith, and make sacrifices for the kingdom of God's sake."

While others had this suggestion about the window-shades, and that one a preference about the figure of the carpets, and another one said he would have nothing to do with it unless it were thus and so, quiet Mr. Lucas said nothing, and some of the people feared he would not help in the enterprise. But when the subscription-paper was handed him, he looked it over, and thought for a minute or two, and then set down a sum that was about twice as much as any of the other contributions. Worldly Mr. Durbin said at the start, "I will give nothing. There is no use of making such a fuss over a minister.

You will spoil him at the start. Let him fight his own way up, as the rest of us have had to do. Delia! (that was his wife's name,) nobody furnished our house when we started." But Mrs. Durbin, as was expected, stood in the front of the enterprise. If there was a stingy fellow to be approached, she was sent to get the money out of him, and always succeeded. She had been so used to begging for the poor of the back street, that when any of the farmers found her coming up the lane, they would shout, "Well, Mrs. Durbin, how much will satisfy you to-day?" She was on the committee that selected the carpets. While others were waiting for the men to come and hang up the window-shades, she mounted a table and hung four of them. Some of the hardest workers in the undertaking were ready to do anything but tack down carpets. "Well," she said, "that is just what I am willing to do;" and so down she went, pulling until red in the face, to make the

breadths match, and pounding her finger till the blood started under the nail, in trying to make a crooked tack do its duty. One evening her husband drove up in front of the parsonage with a handsome book-case. Said he had come across it, and had bought it to please his wife, not because he approved of all this fuss over a minister, who might turn out well, and might not. The next morning there came three tons of coal that he had ordered to be put in the cellar of the parsonage. And though Durbin never acknowledged to his wife any satisfaction in the movement, he every night asked all about how affairs were getting on, and it was found at last that he had been among the most liberal.

Harry Bronson had been all around during the week. He had a cheerful word for every perplexity. Put his hand deep down in his own pocket. Cracked jokes over the cracked crockery. Sent up some pictures, such as "The Sleigh-riding Party," "Ball Playing,"

and "Boys Coasting." Knocked off Lucas's hat, and pretended to know nothing about it. Slipped on purpose, and tumbled into the lap of the committee. Went upstairs three steps at a time, and came down astride the banisters. At his antics some smiled, some smirked, some tittered, some chuckled, some laughed through the nose, some shouted outright, and all that week Harry Bronson kept the parsonage roaring with laughter. Yet once in a while you would find him seated in the corner, talking with some old mother in Israel, who was telling him all her griefs, and *he* offering the consolations of religion. "Just look at Bronson!" said some one. "What a strange conglomeration! There he is crying with that old lady in a corner. You would not think he had ever smiled. This truly is weeping with those who weep, and laughing with those who laugh. Bronson seems to carry in his heart all the joys and griefs of this village."

It was five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, one hour before the minister was expected, that the work was completed, entry swept out, the pieces of string picked up, shades drawn down, and the door of the parsonage locked. As these church-workers went down the street, their backs ached, and their fingers were sore, but their hearts were light, and their countenances happy, and every step of the way from the parsonage-door to their own gate they saw scattered on the gravelled sidewalk, and yard-grass, and door-step, broad flecks of Ministers' Sunshine!

But two or three days had passed, and the young married couple took possession of their new house. It was afternoon, and the tea-table was to be spread for the first time. It seemed as if every garden in the village had sent its greeting to that tea-table. Bouquets from one, and strawberries from another, and radishes, and bread, and cake, and grass-butter with

figure of wheat-sheaf printed on it. The silver all new, that which the committee had left added to the bridal presents. Only two sat at the table, yet the room seemed crowded with emotions, such as attend only upon the first meal of a newly-married couple, when beginning to keep house. The past sent up to that table a thousand tender memories, and the future hovered with wings of amber and gold. That bread-breaking partook somewhat of the solemnity of a sacrament. There was little talk and much silence. They lingered long at the table, spoke of the crowning of so many anticipations, and laid out plans for the great future. The sun had not yet set. The castor glistened in it. The glasses glowed in the red light. It gave a roseate tinge to the knives, and trembled across the cake-basket, as the leaves at the window fluttered in the evening air; and the twain continued to sit there, until the sun had dropped to the very verge of the horizon, and

with nothing to intercept its blaze, it poured into the open windows, till from ceiling to floor and from wall to wall the room was flooded with Ministers' Sunshine.

A year passed on, and the first cloud hovered over the parsonage. It was a very dark cloud. It filled the air, and with its long black folds seemed to sweep the eaves of the parsonage. Yet it parted, and through it fell as bright a light as ever gilded a hearthstone. The next day all sorts of packages arrived; little socks, with a verse of poetry stuck in each one of them—socks about large enough for a small kitten; and a comb with which you might imagine Tom Thumb's wife would comb his hair for him. Mrs. Durbin was there—indeed had been there for the last twenty-four hours. Mr. Bromlette sent up his coachman to make inquiries. MacMillan called to express his hope that it was a child of the "Covenant." Lucas came up the door-step to offer his con-

gratulation, but had not courage to rattle the knocker, and so went away, but stopped at the store to order up a box of farina. Harry Bronson smiled all the way to the parsonage, and smiled all the way back. Meanwhile the light within the house every moment grew brighter. The parson hardly dared to touch the little delicate thing for fear he should break it; and walked about with it upon a pillow, wondering what it would do next, starting at every sneeze or cry, for fear he had done some irreparable damage; wondering if its foot was set on right, and if with that peculiar formation of the head it would ever know anything, and if infantile eyes always looked like those. The wonder grew, till one day Durbin, out of regard for his wife, was invited to see the little stranger, when he declared he had during his life seen fifty just like it, and said, "Do you think that worth raising, eh?"

All came to see it, and just wanted to feel

the weight of it. The little girls of the neighbourhood must take off its socks to examine the dimples on its fat feet. And, although not old enough to appreciate it, there came directed to the baby, rings and rattles, and pins, and bracelets, and gold pieces with a string through to hang about the neck, and spoons for pap, and things the use of which the parson could not imagine. The ladies said it looked like its father, and the gentlemen exclaimed, "How much it resembles its mother!" All sorts of names were proposed, some from novels, and some from Scripture. MacMillan thought it ought to be called Deborah or Patience. Mr. Bromlette wished it called Eugenia Van Courtlandt. Mrs. Durbin thought it would be nice to name it Grace. Harry Bronson thought it might be styled Humpsy Dumpsy. A young gentleman suggested Felicia, and a young lady thought it might be Angelina. When Lucas was asked what he had to propose, he

blushed, and, after a somewhat protracted silence, answered, "Call it what you like. Please yourselves and you please me." All of the names were tried in turn, but none of them were good enough. So a temporary name must be selected, one that might do till the day of the christening. The first day the pet was carried out was a very bright day, the sun was high up, and as the neighbours rushed out to the nurse, and lifted the veil that kept off the glare of the light, they all thought it well to call it the Ministers' Sunshine.

And so the days and the months and the years flew by. If a cloud came up, as on the day mentioned, there was a Hand behind it to lift the heavy folds. If there were a storm, it only made the shrubs sweeter, and the fields greener. If a winter night was filled with rain and tempest, the next morning all the trees stood up in burnished mail of ice, casting their

crowns at the feet of the sun, and surrendering their gleaming swords to the conqueror. If the trees lost their blossoms, it was to put on the mellowness of fruit; and when the fruit was scattered, autumnal glories set up in the tops their flaming torches. And when the leaves fell it was only through death to come singing in the next spring-time, when the mellow-horn of the south-wind sounded the resurrection. If in the chill April a snow-bank lingered in the yard, they were apt to find a crocus at the foot of it. If an early frost touched the corn, that same frost unlocked the bur of the chesnut, and poured richer blood into the veins of the Catawba. When the moon set, the stars came out to worship, and counted their golden beads in the Cathedral of the Infinite.

On the petunias that all over the knoll shed their blood for the glory of the garden; on the honeysuckle where birds rested, and from

which fountains of odour tossed their spray; on the river, where by day the barge floated, and by night the moon-tipped oars came up tangled with the tinkling jewels of the deep; at even-tide in the garden, where God walked in the cool of the day; by the minister's hearth, where the child watched the fall of the embers, and congenial spirits talked, and ministering angels hovered, and in the sounds of the night-fall, there floated the voices of bright immortals, bidding the two, "Come up higher!"—there was calm, clear, MINISTERS' SUNSHINE!

THE OLD CLOCK.

THE OLD CLOCK.

GOING! Going!" said the auctioneer. "Is seven dollars all I hear bid for this old family clock. Going! going! *Gone!* Who bought it?" We looked around, and found that a hard-visaged dealer in old furniture had become the possessor of the venerable time-piece. It was not like the clocks you turn out of a factory, fifty a-day, unprincipled clocks that would as lief lie as tell the truth, and that stand on the shelf a-chuckle when they find that they have caused you to miss the train. But such a clock as stood in the hall of your father's house when

you were a boy. No one ever thought of such a time-piece as having been manufactured, but took it for granted that it had *been born* in the ages past, and had come on down in the family from generation to generation.

The old clock in the auction-room, which had been talking persistently for so long a time said not a word. Its hands were before its face, unable to hide its grief. It had lost all its friends, and in old age had been turned out on the world. Its fortunes, like its weights, had *run down*. Looking through its glasses, it seemed to say—

"Have I come to this? I have struck the hours, and now they come back to strike me!"

It first took its place in the old homestead about seventy years ago. Grandfather and grandmother had just been married. That was a part of their outfit. It called them to their first meal. There were the blue-edged dishes, and bone-handled knives, and homely

fare, and an appetite sharpened on the wood-pile, or by the snow-shovelling. As the clock told twelve of noon, the rugged pair, in home-made garments, took their position at the table, and keeping time to the rattle of knives and forks and spoons, the clock went *Tick—tock! Tick—tock!*

There were the shining tin pans on the shelf. There were the woollen mittens on the stand. There were the unpolished rafters over head. There was the spinning-wheel in the corner. There was the hot fire, over which the apples baked, till they had sagged down, brown, and hissing hot, and the saucepan on the hearth was getting up the steam, the milk just lifting the lid to look out, and sputtering with passion, until with one sudden dash it streams into the fire, making the housewife rush with holder and tongs to the rescue. The flames leaped up around the back-log, and the kettle rattled with the steam, and jocund laughter bounded

away, and the old clock looked on with benignant face, as much as to say—

"Grand—sport! Happy—pair! Good—times! Tick—tock! Tick—tock!" Clocks sympathise.

One day, at a vendue, grandfather was seen, with somewhat confused face, bidding for a high chair and a cradle. As these newly-purchased articles came into the house, the old clock in its excitement struck five, when it ought to have sounded *four*, but the pendulum cried, "Order!" and everything came back to its former composure, save, that as a dash of sunshine struck the face of the clock, it seemed to say, "Timepieces are not fools!" Clocks sound the march of generations. A time to be born, as well as a time to die. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!

A mischievous child trying to catch the pendulum: a crying child held up to be quieted while listening to the motion of the works: a curious child standing on a chair trying to put his fingers among the cogs to see what

they are made of: a tired child falling asleep in a cradle. Henceforth the clock has beautiful accompaniment. Old-time cradle with a mother's foot on it, going "Rickety—rack! rickety—rack!" All infantile trouble crushed under the rocker. Clock singing, "I started before you were born." Cradle responding, "That which I swing shall live after you are dead." Clock chanting, "I sound the passing of Time." Cradle answering, "I soothe an heir of Eternity." Music! cradle to clock. Clock to cradle. More tender than harp, more stirring than huntsman's bugle.

The old time-piece had kept account of the birthday of all the children. Eighteen times it had tolled the old year out, and rung the new year in, and fair Isabel was to be married. The sleighs crunched through the snow, till at the doorway, with one sudden crash of music from the bells, the horses halted, and the guests, shawled and tippeted, came in. The stamp of

heavy boots in the hall knocked off the snow, and voices of neighbourly good-cheer shook the dwelling. The white-haired minister stood mid-floor, waiting for the hour to strike, when the clock gave a premonitory rumble to let them know it was going off, and then hammered eight. The blushing pair stepped into the room, and the long charge was given, and at the close a series of explosive greetings—no simpering touch of the lips, but good, round, hearty demonstrations of affection, into which people threw themselves before kissing was an art. The clock seemed to enjoy it all, and every moment had something to say:

"I stood here when she was born. I was the only one present at the courtship. I told the young man when it was time to go, although sometimes he minded me not, and I had to speak again. I ordered the commencement of ceremonies to-day. I will dismiss the group. Good-luck to Isabel, and an honest eight-day

clock to bless her wherever she may go. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!"

After many years grandfather became dull of hearing, and dim of sight. He could not hear the striking of the hours, but came close up and felt the hands, and said:

"It is eight o'clock, and I must go to bed."

He never rose again.

He could not get his feet warm. The watchers sat, night after night, listening to the delirious talking of the old man, the rehearsal in broken sentences of scenes long ago gone by—of how the Tories acted, and how the Hessians ran.

All spake in a whisper, and moved around the room on tiptoe; but there was one voice that would not be quieted. If the watchers said "Hush!" it seemed to take up a louder tone. It was the old clock in the next room. It looked so sad when, watching for the hour to give the medicine, the candle was lifted to its

face. At the wedding it laughed. Now it seemed to toll. Its wheels had a melancholy creak; its hands, as they passed over the face, trembled and looked thin, like the fingers of an old man moving in a dying dream.

Poor old clock!

The hand that every Saturday night for forty years has wound it up will soon be still. The iron pulses of the old time-piece seem to flutter, as though its own spirit were departing. Its tongue is thick; its face is white, as one struck with death.

But just as grandfather's heart, after running for eighty years, ceased to tick, the old clock rallied, as much as to say:

"It is the last thing I can do for him, and so I must toll the death-knell—One! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve!"

With that it stopped.

Ingenious craftsmen attempted to repair it,

and oiled the wheels, and swung the pendulum. But it would not go!

Its race was run; its heart was broken; its soul had departed. When grandfather died, the clock died with him.

What if the furniture-dealer did set it down, and cover it up with his rubbish. If the soul go straight, it makes but little difference to us where we are buried.

It is time that dust and ashes should cover the face and hands of the dear old clock. Dust to dust!

HOBBIES.

HOBBIES.

WE all ride something. It is folly to expect us always to be walking. The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby: it eats no oats, it demands no groom, it breaks no traces, it requires no shoeing. Moreover, it is safest: the boisterous outbreak of children's fun does not startle it; three babies astride it at once do not make it skittish. If, perchance, on some brisk morning it throw its rider, it will stand still till he climbs the saddle. For eight years we have had one tramping the nursery, and yet no accident, though meanwhile his eye has been knocked out and his tail dislocated.

When we get old enough to leave the nursery we jump astride some philosophic, metaphysical, literary, political, or theological hobby. Parson Brownlow's hobby was the hanging of rebels; John C. Calhoun's, South Carolina; Daniel Webster's, the Constitution; Wheeler's, the sewing-machine; Doctor Windship's, gymnastics. For saddle, a book; for spur, a pen; for whip, the lash of public opinion; for race-course, platform, pulpit, newspaper-office, and senate chamber. Goodyear's hobby is made out of India-rubber, Peter Cooper's out of glue, Townsend's out of sarsaparilla bottles, Heenan's out of battered noses. De Witt Clinton rode his up the ditch of the Erie Canal, Cyrus Field under the sea, John P. Jackson down the rail-road from Amboy to Camden; indeed, the men of mark and the men of worth have all had their hobby, great or small. The philosophy is plain. Men think a great while upon one topic, and its importance increases till it absorbs everything

else, and, impelled by this high appreciation of their theory, they go on to words and deeds that make themselves thoroughly felt. We have no objections to hobbies, but we contend that there are times and places, when and where they should not be ridden. A few specifications.

We have friends who are allopathists, homœopathists, Thompsonians, or eclectics. We have no more prejudices against one school than the other. Let them each set up their claims. One of our friends, about five years ago, became a homœopathist. All right! But since then she has been able to talk of nothing else. She insists on our taking the pellets. We say, "We feel somewhat tired to-night;" she exclaims, "Cinchona or Cocculus!" We sneeze quite violently, and she cries "Belladonna!" We suggest that the apple-dumpling did not agree with us, and she proposes "Chamomilla!" When she walks I seem to hear the rattling of

pellets. Discovering my prejudice against pills, she insists on my taking it in powder. I tell her that ever since my chaplaincy in the army I have disliked powder. She says I will rue it when too late. Perhaps I may, but I cannot stand these large doses of homœopathy. I had rather be bled at once, and have done with it, than be everlastingly shot with pellets. She talks it day and night. Her Sabbath is only a sanctified homœopathy. She prefers theology in very small doses. Her hope of the reformation of society is in the fact that ministers themselves are sinners — "*Similia similibus curantur.*" She thinks it easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for old-school doctors to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Alas! how much calomel and jalap they will have to answer for! How will they dare to meet on the other shore the multitudes that they let slip before their time, when they might with a few pellets have bribed Charon to

keep them this side of Acheron and Styx! She reads to us 2 Chron. xvi. 12, 13: "Asa sought to the physicians, and slept with his fathers." You see, they killed him! She considers herself a missionary, to go out into the highways and hedges of allopathy and eclecticism to compel them to come in. She is an estimable lady. We always like to have her come to our house. She is more interested in your health than any one you would find in all the hard-hearted crew of allopathy. But five years ago she got a side-saddle, threw it on the back of a hobby, and has been riding ever since—tramp, tramp, tramp—round the parlour, through the hall, up the stairs, down the cellar, along the street, through the church; and I fear that in her last "will and testament" she will have nothing to leave the world but a medicine-chest, well-worn copies of "Hahnemann's Chronic Diseases," and "Jahr's Manual," and directions as to how many powders are to be

put in the tumblers, with the specific charge; to have the spoons clean and not mix the medicines.

We notice that many have a mania for talking of their ailments. One question about their health will tilt over on you the great reservoir of their complaints. They have told the story so often, that they can slide through the whole scale from C above to C below. For thirty years their spine has been at a discount, and they never were any better of neuralgia, till they took the rheumatism. At first you feel sympathy for the invalid; but after awhile the story touches the ludicrous. They tell you that they feel so faint in the morning, and have such poor appetite at noon, and cannot sleep at night, and have twitches in their side, and lumbago in their back, and swellings in their feet, and ringing in their ears, and little dots floating before their eyes; and have taken ammoniacum, tincture of cantha-

rides, hydragogue julep, anthelmintic powder, golden syrup of antimony, leaves of scordium, and, indeed, all hepatics, carminatives, anti-febriles, anti-scorbutics, splenetics, anthritics, stomachics, ophthalmics ; they have gargled their throat with sal ammoniac, and bathed their back with saponaceous liniment, and worn discutient cataplasms. That very moment they are chewing chamomile-flowers to settle their stomachs, and excuse themselves for a moment, to take off a mustard-plaster that begins to blister. They come back to express the fear that the swelling on their arm will be an abscess, or their headache turn to brain fever. They shake out from their handkerchief delicate odours of valerian and assafœtida. They are the harvest of druggists, and the amazement of physicians, who no sooner clear the pain from one spot than it appears in another. If one joint loses the pang, another joint gets it, and, the patient having long ago resolved

never again to be well, it is only a question between membrane and midriff.

At times we should talk over our distresses, and seek sympathy, but perpetual discourse on such themes wears out the patience of our friends. You always see the young people run from the groaning valetudinarian; and the minister fails in his condolence, for why speak of the patience of Job to one who says that boils are nothing to his distresses. The hobby he rides is wounded and scabbed and torn with all the diseases mentioned in farriery—glanders, bots, foot-rot, spavin, ring-bone, and "king's evil." Incurable nags are taken out on the commons and killed, but this poor hobby jogs on with no hope on the other side of the Red Sea of joining Pharaoh's horses. The more it limps, and the harder it breathes, the faster they ride it.

Now, Aunt Mary's sick-room was the brightest room in the house. She had enough aches

and pains to confound *Materia Medica.* Her shelf was crystallized with bottles, and the stand was black with plasters. She could not lie down more than five minutes. Her appetite was denied all savoury morsels. It was always soup, or toast, or gruel, or panado. She had not walked into the sunlight for fifteen years. Weddings came, for which with her thin, blue-veined hands she had knit beautiful presents, but she could not mingle in the congratulations, nor see how the bride looked at the altar. She never again expected to hear a sermon, or sit at the sacrament, or join in the doxology of worshippers. The blithe days of her girlhood would never come back, when she could range the fields in spring-time in flushed excitement, plucking handfuls of wild-roses from the thicket, till hands and cheeks looked like different blooms on the same trellis.

While quite young she had been sent to a first-class boarding-school. When she had

finished her education, she was herself finished. Instead of the romp of the fields, she took the exhausting exercise at five o'clock of the school procession,—madame ahead; madame behind; step to step, waterfall to waterfall; eyes right; chins down; noses out; their hearts like muffled drums beating funeral marches. Stop the side glances of those hazel eyes! Quit the tossing of those flaxen curls! Cease that graceful swing of the balmoral across the street gutter!

She was the only one of the family fortunate enough to get a first-class education. The other females grew up so stout and well, they might have been considered, vulgarly speaking, *healthy*, and went out into life to make happy homes and help the poor; only once, and that in the presence of a wound they were dressing, having attempted to faint away, but failed in the undertaking, as their constitution would not allow it. Thus they always had to acknow-

ledge the disadvantage of not having had the first-class education of Aunt Mary. What if her nerves were worn out, she could read *Les Aventures de Telemaque* to pay for it. She had sharp pains, but she could understand the Latin phrases in which Dr. Pancoast described them. Her temples throbbed, but then it was a satisfaction to know that it came from being struck on the head with a Greek lexicon. The plasters were uncomfortable, but, oh! the delights of knowing their geometrical shape: the one a pentagon, the other a hexagon. At school, in anatomical class, she had come to believe that she had a liver, but it had been only a speculative theory; now she had practical demonstration.

Enough to say, Aunt Mary was a lifelong invalid, and yet her room was more attractive than any other. The children had to be punished for going upstairs and interrupting Auntie's napping hours. The kitten would

purr at the invalid's door, seeking admittance. At daybreak, the baby would crawl out of the crib and tap its tiny knuckles against the door, waiting for Aunt Mary to open it. If Charlie got from a school-fellow a handful of peaches, the ripest was saved for Auntie. At night-fall, a little procession of frisky night-gowns went up to say their prayers in Auntie's room, until three years of age supposing that she was the divinity to be worshipped; one hand on their foot, and the other over their eyes that would peep through into Auntie's face during the solemnities, the "for ever and ever, amen," dashed into Auntie's neck with a shower of good-night kisses.

When a young maiden of the neighbourhood had a great secret to keep, she was apt to get Aunt Mary to help her keep it. Auntie could sympathise with any young miss who at the picnic had nice things said to her. Auntie's face had not always been so wrinkled. She

had a tiny key to a little box, hid away in the back part of the top-drawer, that could have revealed a romance worth telling. In that box a pack of letters in bold hand directed to Miss Mary Tyndale. Also, a locket that contained a curl of brown hair, that had been cut from the brow of the college student in whose death her brightest hopes were blasted. Also, two or three pressed flowers, which the last time she was out she brought from the cemetery. When in conversation with a young heart in tender mood she opened that box, she would say nothing for some moments after. Then she would look very earnestly into the eyes of the maiden, and say, "God bless you, my dear child! I hope you will be very happy!"

Everybody knew her by name, and people who had never seen her face, the black and white, the clean and filthy, those who rode in coaches and those who trudged the tow-path, would cry out, when one of the family passed,

"How is Aunt Mary to-day?" On Monday morning the minister would go in, and read more theology in the bright face of the Christian invalid than he had yesterday preached in two sermons, and her voice was as strengthening to him as the long-metre Doxology sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." When people with a heartache could get no relief elsewhere, they came to that sick-room and where comforted. Auntie had another key, that did not open the box in the back part of the top-drawer of the bureau: it was a golden key that opened the casket of the Divine promises. Beside the bottles that stood on Auntie's shelf, was God's bottle in which He gathers all our tears. God had given to that thin hand the power to unloose the captive. And they who went in wailing came out singing. John Bunyan's pilgrim carried his burden a great while: he never knew Auntie.

Yes! yes! the brightest room in the house

was hers. Not the less so on the day when we were told she must leave us. That one small room could not keep her. She heard a voice bidding her away. The children broke forth into a tumult of weeping. The place got brighter. There must have been angels in the room. The feet of the celestial ladder were on both sides of that pillow. Little Mary (named after her aunt) said, "Who will hear me say my prayers now?" George said, "Who now will take my part?" Katie cried, "Who will tell us sweet stories about heaven?" Brighter and brighter grew the place. ANGELS IN THE ROOM! Sound no dirge. Toll no bells. Wear no black. But form a procession of chants, anthems, chorals, and hallelujahs! Put white blossoms in her hand! A white robe on her body! White garlands about her brow! And *he*, from whose tomb she plucked the flowers the last time she was out, come down to claim his bride. And so let the procession

mount the hill, chants, anthems, chorals, and hallelujahs: *Forward!* the line of march reaching from enchanted sick-room to "house of many mansions."

So Auntie lived and died. Always sick, but always patient. Her cheerfulness unhorsed black-mailed Gloom. A perpetual reproof she was to all who make sicknesses their hobby.

We next refer to *reformatory* hobbies. We believe in the doctrines of teetotalism. In a glass of ice-water, our only beverage, we drink to the success of that cause. We advocate the Maine law. In all appropriate times and places we are ready to fight drunkenness. It has dug its trench across the land, and filled it with the best blood of the nation. But some of our friends have been turned into temperance monomaniacs. They would have temperance cars, and temperance stages, and temperance steamboats, none to ride in them but teetotalers. They have actually proposed

milk to take the place of wine at the sacrament. They would make the taking of the pledge a prerequisite of church-membership. They have no mercy for the man who has champagne on his table. They would let a man die of typhoid, before they would give him a drop of Burgundy. They have dwelt upon the one evil till all others are submerged and forgotten. They have horrid nightmares of demijohn and decanter. They talk as though, if a man cleared the whisky-cask, he was safe for heaven, forgetful of the fact, that the only decent thing about thousands of men is that they do not drink. They would do that if they were not too stingy. We knew a man, who, it was said, to save expense, wheeled his wife to the grave on a wheel-barrow. He never drank. We caught a man stealing water-melons from our patch. He was a teetotaler. It would have been well for us if he had disliked melons as much as he did whisky. We have found

strong advocates for abstinence in Moyamensing Prison. We believe a man may be consistent in all his professions of temperance, and yet not be worthy to untie the latchet of some who always have wine on their table.

The temperance cause is mightily hindered by such reformatory monomaniacs. In every path you stumble over their hobby.

So we find anti-tobacconists on their hobby. They can tell you how many miles of pig-tail have been chewed in the last century, and how many navies would be borne up by the saliva, if the Atlantic Ocean, emptied of its water, could become the spittoon of the nation. We admit that it is not pleasant to sit in a coach or car with a chewer between us and the wind, the wind blowing toward us. It is as disagreeable as preaching with a cold in your head and no pocket-handkerchief.

We neither smoke nor chew. The only odour of the weed in our house is from the

cigars of our friends who come to see us. And yet we know of two or three men who went to heaven, we think, notwithstanding they were smokers. In their last sickness, whenever they could sit up, they took a chew of tobacco. We have no sympathy with those who cannot unwrinkle their upper lip for a half hour after they have caught the breath of a smoker. There are ladies so shocked by the smoking odours which their husbands bring from the club-room, that it needs very careful treatment to avoid hysterics; as sensitive as the lady, married in mature years, who persisted in setting her husband's boots outside the door, because she could not stand the smell of leather. We would rather have our nose outraged with a whiff from an old pipe than our ear deafened with the clatter of a crazy reformer. We would not have even the man who snuffs, and chews, and smokes, all in the same minute, kicked to death by the heels

of our hobby. William H. Seward snuffs. Rufus Choate took opium. George W. Bethune smoked. Good Abraham Van Nest had wine on his table. Presidents of colleges have chewed tobacco. And I expect that after we have been gone so long that our resting-place shall be as completely unknown as that of Moses, many will get to heaven who have not thought just as we do. We will never turn people into the right way by riding over them with our hobby.

We take a step farther, and look at some of our *theological* hobbies. This is the only kind of horse that ministers can afford to own, and you ought not to be surprised if sometimes in this way they take an airing. We have had some troubles of late in the fact that in these days of brotherhood, Old School and New School got astride of the same hobby, and one fell off before, and the other fell off behind. There was not room enough for so

many between mane and tail. It is well to remember that hobbies sometimes kick, and that theologians, like other people, are vulnerable.

How apt we are to get a religious theory, and ride it up hill and down, and expect that all the armed cavalry of the church shall make way for our hobby! There are theologians who spend their time in trying to douse Baptists, thinking it a great waste to have so much water and not use it for some decisive purpose. Others would like to upset the anxious bench of the Methodists, and throw them on their faces, so that they would make less noise. Others would like nothing better than to rip a hole in the surplice of Episcopacy. Others take the doctrine of "election" for their favourite theory, and ride, and ride, till they find themselves elected to leave the settlement. Others harp on the "perseverance of the saints," till they are unhorsed by the perseverance of sinners. And this good man devotes

himself to proving that in Adam all fell, till the hearers wish that the speaker had fallen clear out of their acquaintanceship.

This ecclesiastic gives his time to controversy, and his matin and vesper are, "Blessed be the Lord, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Such persons were sound asleep that Christmas night, when the angel-song fell to the hills, "Peace on earth, good will to men." We have been watching for the horns to come out on their forehead. They are the rams and the he-goats. They feel that they were appointed from eternity to stick somebody, and they beat Samson in the number of Philistines they slay with the same weapon. They go to the Bible, as foemen to Springfield Armoury or Troy Arsenal, demanding so many swords, rifles, and columbiads. They were made in the same mould as Morrissey, the pugilist, and should long ago have been sent to Congress. Like Nebuchadnezzar,

they have claws, and, like him, ought to go to grass. In the day when the lamb and the lion lie down together, we fear these men will be out with a pole, trying to stir up the animals.

Here are brethren who devote themselves to the explaining of the unexplainable parts of the Scripture. Jonah's whale comes just in time to yield them whole barrels of blubber. They can explain why it was that Jonah was not digested by the whale. The gastric juice having no power to act upon a living body, it did not dissolve the fibrine or coagulated albumen into chyme, and consequently it could not pass the pyloric orifice of the stomach. Beside, this was an intelligent whale, and probably knew that he had swallowed a minister who had a call to Nineveh, and never had any intention of turning him into whale, but rather to prepare him for that class of ministers who are lachrymose, and on all occasions disposed to blubber. We have heard men explain this

miracle by natural laws, until we felt ourselves attacked by the same sickness that disturbed the leviathan of the Mediterranean when he suddenly graduated the prophet; and we felt sure that if, in an unguarded moment, we had swallowed a Jonah, he would have had good prospects of speedy deliverance.

Our expounder must also explain the ass that spake to Balaam. The probability is that the animal had originally been endowed with powers of vocalization, but, being of a lethargic temperament, had never until that day found sufficient inducement to express himself; the probability being that this animal always retained the faculty of speech, and was married, and that he has a long line of descendants, who still, like the one of the Scriptures, are disposed to criticize ministers.

Here is another brother who devotes forty Sundays of the year to the Apocalypse. He has put his lip to all the trumpets and examined

all the vials. He understands them all. He reads the history of the present day in Revelation, and finds there Louis Napoleon, Bismarck, Abraham Lincoln, and General Grant.

Now, all Scripture is to be expounded as far as possible; but one part is not to absorb attention to the neglect of others. Let us not be so pleased with the lily that Christ points out in his sermon that we cannot see the raven that flies past; nor while we examine the salt, to find if it has lost its savour, forget to take the candle from under the bushel. The song of the morning stars at the Creation must have response in the Doxology of the hundred and forty and four thousand. David's harp and the Resurrection-trumpet are accordant. The pennon swung from the cedar masts of ships of Tarshish must be answered by the sail of fishing-boat on Genesareth. Into this great battle for God we are to take Gideon's sword, and David's sling, and the white horse of Vic-

tory on which Immanuel triumphs. Hiddekel and Jordan must be confluent. Pisgah and Moriah, Sinai and Calvary, must all stand in the great Scriptural ranges. No solo or quartette in this Bible music, but the battle-chorus of all the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles. In the wall of heaven are beautifully blended jasper and emerald, beryl and sardonyx, amethyst and chrysoprasus. No one doctrine, however excellent, must be ridden constantly. The pulpit is the most unfit place in all the world for a hobby.

Let us glance at our literary hobbies. There is no grander field than that of just criticism. Through *Edinburgh Review* Noon Talfourd pours the sunlight of his genius upon William Hazlitt and Mackenzie, so that we know not which to be most thankful for—essayist, novelist, or critic. Christopher North breaks in like a new summer upon Thomson's "Seasons." Archibald Alison lifted up the

works of magnificent Chateaubriand from comparative obscurity into the admiration of all nations. Walter Scott, hieing away from Abbotsford with the sheriff after him, may have had his nerves soothed by what Francis Jeffrey kindly wrote about "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

But harsh criticism is the only mood of some literati. They never add anything to the world's literature, but have an endless pique against those who do. They take up the poem that cost five years of application, and run their pen across the cantos, and throw it aside, saying, "I have finished that fellow: hand us another!" They are provoked because Thiers and Disraeli will not lay still, after being by them assassinated. Long ago these literary skull-breakers demolished George Eliot for writing "Adam Bede," and yet she dares to attempt "The Spanish Gipsy." They spend their life in hunting for something to chew up: goats browsing on morning-glories. They sit in the southwest

corner of magazines, like spiders waiting for flies. After a while they sting themselves to death with their own poison. They act as though some Herod had sent them forth to massacre all literary productions of two years and under. They seem to have adopted the sentiment of a Scotch Review: "There is nothing of which nature has been more bountiful than poets. They swarm, like the spawn of the codfish, with a vicious fecundity that requires destruction."

There were literary men who begrudged John Mitford the piece of old carpet under which he slept. Marwaux had nothing but denunciation for Molière. Cowley found great satisfaction in rasping Chaucer. Pope flew in a rage at Colley Cibber. Fielding saw no power in Richardson. Johnson said that he "would hang a dog that read the Lycidas of Milton twice." The accomplished *Edinburgh Review* impales on one ramrod Fenimore

Cooper, Walter Scott, and Washington Irving, as dunces. Montesquieu died from the stab of a critic's pen. Berkeley, Reid, Goldsmith, Jeremy Taylor, and Chillingworth had the hounds after them. Some of the grandest men and women that ever lived have been crushed under the critic's hobby.

We have found people in parlour and street on a *conversational* hobby. Weddings, and funerals, and harvest homes, it was reconstruction, or the follies of the Administration, or the dishonesty of officials, or the degeneration of society, or the wonderful exploits of their canary-bird, or the sagacity of their greyhound, which at the first whistle comes frisking and bounding, his muddy paws on your white suit, attesting his powers of discrimination. We knew a man who would occupy your time in describing his herd of swine. Indeed, some of them were genuine Suffolks. *Other* gentlemen took you to the cabinet of curiosities

brought from foreign travel; *he* invited you to the piggery. We could get him on no other topic. Once we thought we had him cornered for a religious interview, but he turned upon us with irresistible emphasis, and said, "Dominie! I will send you half a hog!" The bristling porkers of Gadara were possessed by Satanic influence, but this man was possessed by the porkers. That one of the herd which had been most neglectful of its ablutions, and least particular about its style of diet, was beautiful to him. "Just look at that fellow!" he would say. "What an eye—eh? See him craunch that pumpkin!" An animal with legs so short, and jaws so long, and bristles so sharp, and toilet so imperfect, is not fit for a hobby.

With others the continuous theme is *ventilation*. We have wrecked too many sermons and lectures on ill-ventilated audience-rooms, not to understand the value of pure air. There are not twenty properly ventilated

lecture-halls east of the Alleghany Mountains. We have more veneration for every other antiquity than for stale air. Atmosphere that has been bottled up for weeks is not quite equal to "Balm of Thousand Flowers." Give us an old log across the stream to sit on, rather than an arm-chair in the parlour that is opened chiefly on Christmas and Thanksgiving Days. While waiting for this year's turkey to get browned, we do not want to smell last year's. There are church-basements so foul, that we think some of those who frequent them for devotion, get sooner to the end of their earthly troubles than they would if there were less dampness in the walls; some of them suffering from what they suppose to be too much religion, when it is nothing but wind-colic. Still we may put too long a stress upon ventilation. Here is a man who sits with the doors open, and while your teeth are chattering with cold, descants on the bracing weather. He sleeps

with all his windows up, with the thermometer below zero. His prescription for all the world's diseases is fresh air. And if the case be chronic, and stubborn, and yields not to the first course of treatment, then—more fresh air. If the patient die under the process, the adviser will say, "This confirms my theory! Don't you see the difficulty? His only want was capacity to take in the air!"

Witticism is the hobby of another. We admire those who have power to amuse. We cannot always have the corners of our mouth drawn down. Puns are not always to be rejected. We should like to have been with Douglas Jerrold when his friend said to him, "I had a curious dinner—*calves' tails.*" And Jerrold instantly replied, "*Extremes meet!*"

But we cannot always have the corners of our mouth drawn up. We can all of us stand humour longer than wit. Humour is pervasive; wit explosive. The one smiles; the other

laughs. Wit leaps out from ambush; humour melts out of a summer sky. Wit hath reaction of sadness; humour dies into perpetual calm. Humour is an atmosphere full of electricity; wit is zigzag lightning. They both have their mission, but how tedious the society of the merry-andrew and professed epigrammatist! The muscles of your face weary in attempts to look pleased. You giggle, and simper, and titter, and chuckle, and scream, and slap your hand on the table, but you do not laugh. You want information, facts, realities, as well as fun. Theodore Hook and Charles Lamb grinned themselves into melancholy. Clowns are apt to be hypochondriac. The company of two or three so-called witty chaps is as gloomy to us as the furnishing-room of an undertaker. It is the earnest man, with an earnest work to do, who in unexpected moment puts the pry of his witticism under your soul, and sends you roaring with a

laughter that shuts your eyes, and rends your side, and makes you thankful for stout waistcoat, which seems to be the only thing that keeps you from explosion into ten thousand quips, quirks, epigrams, repartees, and conundrums. Working men have a right to be facetious. We have no objection to a hen's cackle, if it has first laid a large round egg for the breakfast-table. But we had on our farm a hen that never did anything but cackle. The most rousing wit ever uttered was by stalwart men like Robert South and Jean Paul Richter. With them wit was only the foaming flake on the waves that carried into port a magnificent cargo. It was only the bell that rang you to a banquet of stalled ox and muscovy. But lackaday! if when at the ringing of the bell we went, to find nothing but a cold slice of chuckle, a hash of drollery, jokes stewed, and jokes stuffed, and jokes panned, and jokes roasted, and jokes with gravy, and jokes with-

out gravy. Professor Wilson, the peerless essayist, could afford to put on "Sporting Jacket," and mould the snow-ball for the "Bicker of Pedmount," and go a picnicking at Windermere, and shake up into rollicking glee Lockhart, Hamilton, Gillies, and his other *Blackwood* cronies, if, in that way refreshed for toil, he could come into the University of Edinburgh to mould and shape the heart and intellect of Scotland, with a magic touch that will be felt a thousand years. He is the most entertaining man who mixes in proper proportions work and play. We prefer a solid horse, spirited and full of fire, but always ready to pull: somewhat skittish on a December morning, but still answering to the bit: while capable of taking you out of the dust of the man who does not want you to pass, yet willing to draw ship-timber; in preference to a frisky nag that comes from the stall sideways, and backward, getting up into the stirrups of his own saddle,

and throwing you off before you get on. The first is a useful man's facetiousness; the last is a joker's hobby.

Pride of ancestry is with others the chief mania. Now we believe in royal blood. It is a grand thing to have the right kind of kindred. There is but little chance for one badly born. If we belonged to some families that we know of, we would be tempted at once to give ourselves up to the police. But while far from despising family blood, we deplore the fact that so many depend entirely upon heraldry. They have not been in your company a minute, before they begin to tell you who their father was and their mother. The greatest honour that ever happened to them was that of having been born. It is a congratulation that there was but one mechanic in their line, and he helped build the first steamboat. They were no possible relation to one Simon, a tanner. The only disgraceful thing in their line, as far

back as they can trace it, was that their first parents in Paradise were gardeners. There was a big pile of money somewhere back, a coat-of-arms, and several fine carriages. They feel sorry for Adam, because he had no grandfather. To hear them talk, you would suppose that the past was crowded with their great progenitors, who were lords, and dukes, comrades of Wellington, accustomed to slapping George Washington on the shoulder, calling him by the first name; "hail fellow well met" with Thomas Jefferson. As if it had taken ten generations of great folks to produce one such Smythe. He is no relation to Smith. That family spell their name differently. But you find that in the last seventeen hundred years there were several breaks in the broadcloth. Do not say anything about their Uncle George. Confound the fellow! He was a blacksmith. Nor ask about Cousin Rachel. Miserable thing! She

is in the poorhouse. Nor inquire about his grandfather's politics. He was a Tory. Nor ask what became of his eldest brother. He was shot in a hen-roost. Several of the family practised in the High Courts of the United States and England—as criminals. One of their kindred was a martyr to chirography, having written the name of John Rathbone & Co. under a promissory note, and written it so well that John Rathbone & Co. were jealous, and seriously objected. But all this is nothing, so long as they spell Smith with a *y* in the middle and an *e* at the end. They have always moved in the circle of the Rittenhouses, and the Minturns, and the Grinnells, and the Vanderbilts. They talk much of their silver-plate to everybody save the assessor. In the year 1700 they had an ancestor that rode in the carriage with a duchess. Yet a boy one day had the audacity, with a piece of chalk, to erase the armorial bearings from the side of their coach, and,

in allusion to the industrial pursuits charged on certain members of that high family, sketched in place thereof, as coat-of-arms, a bar of soap and a shoe-last. Oh! this awful age of home-spun and big knuckles! We would all have gone back farther than we have in search of ancestral stars and garters, crest and scutcheon, but we are so afraid of falling into kettles of tried tallow, and beds of mortar, and pans of dish-water.

But we are all proud. We slept one night at the West in the rustic house of President Fillmore's father, in the very bed occupied the week before by Daniel Webster and the President. We felt that we must carry off from that room a memento. Not able to get anything more significant, we brought away from the peg in the room one of old Mrs. Fillmore's cap-strings. It was with no ordinary emotions that, after coming down into every-day life, we displayed the trophy.

Still how distasteful is the companionship of one who is always on the subject of his high associations and honoured ancestry! We get vexed, and almost wish that their ancestors had been childless. At proper times and to proper degree let such themes be discussed, but what a folly to be on all occasions displaying Mrs. Fillmore's cap-strings! It is an outrageous case of cruelty to animals, when a man persists in having all his progenitors join him in riding the ancestral hobby.

Now it so happened that on one occasion all these hobbyists met on one field. What a time! Ten hobbies riding against each other in cavalry charge! Each rider was determined to carbine all the others. The allopathist loaded his gun with blue pills; the homœopathist loaded his with pulsatilla and stramonium. The hypochondriac unsheathed his sharpest pains for the onset. The temperance monomaniac struck right and left with an ale-pitcher.

The tobacco fanatic threw snuff into the eyes of those who could not see as he did. The controversialist and critic hung across the saddle a long string of scalps they had taken. The buffoon bespattered the whole regiment with a volley of poor jokes. And the man of distinguished ancestry attempted to frighten the combatants from the field by riding up with a hobby that had on its back the resurrected skeletons of all his forefathers.

Too much hobby-riding belittles the mind, distorts the truth, and cripples influence. All our faculties were made for use. He who is always on one theme cannot give full play to judgment, imagination, fancy, reason, wit, and humour. We want harmony of intellect—all the parts carried—treble, alto, tenor, and bass, accompanied by full orchestra, sackbut, violoncello, cornet, drum, flute, and cymbals. He who goes through life using one faculty, hops on one foot, instead of taking the strong,

smooth gait of a healthy walker. He who, finding within him powers of satire, gives himself up to that, might as well turn into a wasp and go to stinging the bare feet of children. He who is neglectful of all but his imaginative faculty, becomes a butterfly, flitting idly about till the first "black frost" of criticism kills it. He who devotes himself to fun-making, will find the better parts of his soul decaying, and his temporary attractiveness will be found to be the phosphorescence of rotten wood. He who disports himself in nothing but dialectics and mathematics, will get badly hooked by the horns of a dilemma, and after a while turn into trapezoids and parallelograms — his head a blackboard for diagrams in spherical geometry—and, while the nations are dying, and myriad voices are crying for help, will find his highest satisfaction in demonstrating that if two angles on equal spheres are mutually *equilateral*, they are mutually *equiangular*: the

flying missiles in a South American earthquake to him are only brilliant examples in conic sections; the one describing a parabola, that an ellipse, the other a hyperbola.

When God has given us so many faculties to use, why use only one of them? With fifty white palfreys to ride, why go tilting a hobby?

He who yields to this propensity never sees the whole of anything. There is no sin in all the earth but slavery, or intemperance, or municipal dishonesty. All the sicknesses would be healed if they would take our medicine. The only thing needed to make the world what it ought to be, is a new pavement on our sidewalk. The nations are safe as soon as we can bring to an end the expectorations of tobacco-juice. All that we can see of anything is between the leather pricked-up ears of our hobby.

This frantic urging on of our pet notion will come to nought. Our prancing charger

will sink down with lathered flanks and we be passed on the road by some Scotch Presbyterian, astride a plain draught horse that has been pasturing in the field next to the kirk, jogging along at an easy pace, knowing it has been elected that he is to reach the kingdom.

Brethren! let us take a palm-leaf and cool off! Let your hobby rest. If it will not otherwise stop, tie it for a few days to the white-washed stump of modern conservatism. Do not hurry things too much. If this world should be saved next week, it would spoil some of our professions. Do not let us do up things too quick. This world is too big a ship for us to guide. I know from the way she swings from larboard to starboard that there is a strong Hand at the helm. Be patient. God's clock strikes but once or twice in a thousand years; but the wheels all the while keep turning. Over the caravanserai of Bethlehem, with silver tongue, it struck ONE. Over

the University of Erfurt, Luther heard it strike NINE. In the rockings of the present century it has sounded ELEVEN. Thank God! It will strike TWELVE!

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

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WHEN our older people were children, there was no juvenile literature. If the book-appetite arose, they were fed on a slice of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," or little titbits from "Edwards on the Affections," or were given a few nuts to crack from Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses." Their fathers and mothers sighed lest these little ones should turn out badly, because they liked ginger-snaps better than Westminster Assemblies, and would spend their money for marbles when it ought to have gone toward furnishing red flannel shirts for

the poor heathen children in Kamtschatka. You have lost all faith in John Bunyan's veracity, and whistled incredulously when you came to that story about Apollyon. Pictures were scarce, and a book was considered profusely adorned that had at the beginning a sketch of the author in gown and bands, and long hair of powdered whiteness, and at the close, in ornate letters, the word *Finis*, which you were told meant *The End*, although, after wearily reading it through, you did not know whether it was the end of the book or the end of you. You might as well feed your baby on lobster-salad as at that early age to have been expected to digest the books that were set before you.

But now the children's library is filled with books of large type, and tasteful vignettes, and lids ridged, and flowered, and scrolled, and columned, and starred with all the fascinations of the book-bindery. There is now danger that what is called the "milk for babes" shall

become nothing but chalk-and-water. Many of the Sabbath-schools are doing much to foster a taste for trashy literature. In some of these libraries you will find sentimental love-yarns; biographies of generals who were very brave, and good examples in some respects—when they were sober; fairy stories, in which the fairies had very loose morals; accounts of boys and girls who never lived—books in which there is no more religion than in "Don Quixote" or "Gulliver's Travels." We have been wondering why some religious society did not publish a nice little edition of "Baron Munchausen," with a moral at the end, showing our dear little people the danger of tying one's horse to the top of a church-steeple. On Sunday night your child does not want to go to bed. He cries when compelled to go, and looks under the bed for some of the religious hobgoblins that come out of the Sunday-school library. Religious spooks are just as bad as

any other spooks. A child is just as afraid of Floras, Pomonas, sylphs, oreads, and fairies, as of ghosts. The poor little darling in the blue sack goes home with a book, thinking she has heaven under her arm, and, before she gets through reading the story of love and adventure, feels so strange that she thinks she must be getting lots of religion.

In the choice of our children's books, let us not mistake slops for simplicity, nor insult our children's tastes by disquisitions about "footsy tootsies," or keep informing them of the historical fact, which they learned a great while ago, that "Mary had a little lamb," or assemble the youngsters in coroner's jury to clear up the mystery as to "who killed cock-robin." If a child has no common sense at seven years of age, it never will have.

Have at least one book in your library in which all the good children did not die. My early impression from Sunday-school books

was that religion was very unhealthy. It seemed a terrible distemper that killed every boy and girl that it touched. If I found myself some day better than common, I corrected the mistake, for fear I should die; although it was the general opinion that I was not in much danger from over-sanctity. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. A strong mustard-plaster and a teaspoonful of ipecac. will do marvels. Timothy lived to grow up, and we are credibly informed that little Samuel woke. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw, occasionally upset things and got boisterous, and had the fidgets. The goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt which does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snow-balling, but the "dumps." The boy who has no fire in his nature may, after

he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a waggon-wheel, but he will not own the waggon, nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and, in the race, as far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm. The most solemn-looking mule on our place has kicked to pieces five dash-boards.

There are parents who notice that their daughter is growing pale and sick, and therefore think she must be destined to marry a missionary, and go to Borneo, although the only recommendation she has for that position is that she will never be any temptation to the cannibals, who, while very fond of cold missionary, are averse to diseased meat; or, finding their son looking cadaverous, think he is either going to die, or become a minister, considering

that there is great power of consecration in liver complaint, and thinking him doubly set apart, who, while presbytery are laying their hands on his head, has dyspepsia laying its hand on his stomach.

Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the Church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, *we* should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and for ever.

MAKING THINGS GO.

MAKING THINGS GO.

SOMETIMES a man who seems to succeed is at every step a failure. There is more lawful fraud committed than unlawful. Penitentiaries and the Court of "Oyer and Terminer" are for those clumsy rogues who do not know how to steal. The purloining of one cabbage ends in the "Tombs," but the absconding with one hundred thousand dollars wins a castle on the Rhine. So you see that men get into jail, not because they steal, but because they do not steal enough. There are estates gathering that have not within them one honest dollar.

But the general rule is that moral success is worldly success. It is easier to make a permanent fortune in honourable ways than by dishonourable conduct. The devil is a poor financier. When the gold and the silver were laid down in the earth, they were sworn to serve the cause of righteousness, and they never go into the coffers of the dishonest without committing perjury. Lawful enterprise in the long run will declare larger dividends than dishonest scheming. The Oil Company of which the Hon. Bogus Greaseback is President, and Hocus Pocus, Esq., is Secretary, at first declares twenty per cent., then ten per cent., afterward three per cent., and, last of all, nothing, leaving the widows and orphans to play the beautiful game of "Money! money! who has the money?"

But fraudulent estates do not average a continuance of more than five years. Occasionally, an old man, having gathered large

property by ignoble means, may die in its possession, bequeathing it to his heirs; but when the boys get it, what with their wine, and what with their fast horses—ha! how they will make it fly!

There is an honest work for every one to do. When a child is born, his work is already prepared for him. There is something in his nature, which says, "Yonder is the field, the shop, the store! Come, my little man! Be busy!" No doubt Samson, when he was a boy, sometimes gave premonition of what he was going to be, amusing himself by carrying off gates, and in chasing his playmates with the jawbone of a bleached carcass, and, long before he fired off the three hundred fox-tails among the corn-shocks of the Philistines, had tried the same extreme measures on the cats of his father's house. Cowley evinced the poet when in very early life he was wrought into enchantment by the reading of Spenser's

"Fairy Queen." Joshua Reynolds, in boyhood, prophesied the painter by hanging sketches around his father's house, although the disgusted father wrote under one of them, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness!" Our own Van Derlyn began his career in boyhood by chalk sketches on the side of a blacksmith's shop.

Nature invariably hints for what she has made a child. Here is a boy cunning at a bargain. At school he is extravagantly fond of trading. He will not come home twice with the same knife, or hoop, or kite. To-morrow morning he will leave the house with an ignominious yarn-ball—a great trial to a boy on the play-ground—but at night will come back with one of India-rubber, which, under the stroke of the bat, will soar almost out of sight, and then come down with long-continued bounce! bounce! Some morning, calculating on the lowness of the apple-market, he will

take a satchelful to school. Immediately there is a rush in the market. He monopolises the business. He sells at just the right time. The vigilant schoolmaster, finding him bartering in what are not considered lawful business hours, brings him into port, and he is compelled by this government officer to discharge his cargo in the presence of his fellows, who gape upon him like a company of stevedores. Can you doubt for a moment for what occupation he was designed? He must be a merchant.

Here is a boy of different liking. Across the brook he has thrown a dam, and whirling round is a water-wheel. He can construct anything he chooses—sleds for the winter, waggons for the summer, and boats for the river. His knife is most of the time out on a whittling excursion. Down on your best carpets he plants his muddy tools. You are so pestered on the Saturdays, when there is no

school, it requires all of Sunday, and sharp sermons at that, to get your patience unwrinkled. Pigeon-coops on the barn, and bird-houses in the trees, attest his ingenuity. Give him a trade. He must be a mechanic.

Here is another boy. You do not know what to do with him. He is always starting an argument. He meets your reproof with a syllogism. He is always at the most inconvenient time asking "Why?" He is on the opposite side of what you believe, but any thing for an argument. If you promised him a flogging, he would file a *caveat* to stop proceedings, and, dissatisfied with your decisions, he gets out a *certiorari*, carrying matters up to the Supreme Court of his own reason. With all this he has a glib tongue, and when fairly started, it rattles like hail on a tin roof. His destiny is plain: he must be a lawyer.

But if you should happen to have under your charge, as guardian or parent, a child not

sharp enough to strike a bargain, not ingenious enough to make a sled, not loquacious enough to start an argument, not inquisitive as to the origin of things, always behind in the school, and slow on the play-ground—there is then only this alternative: If he be fat and chubby, of unconquerable appetite and enormous digestion, and lazy withal, then send him to the city, pull the wires, and make him an alderman. But if he be long and lean, sallow-cheeked, with nerves ever on the twitch, and a digestion that will not go, I know not what you will do with him unless you make him a minister. Alas! for the absurdity rampant among families, that when, because of physical incompetency, a man is fit for nothing else, he is fit to be a "legate of the skies." Religion will never make up for lack of liver and backbone.

THE HATCHET BURIED.

THE HATCHET BURIED.

WHEN the other day the New School and Old School Churches kissed each other at Pittsburg, some one said, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" We felt just the other way. We want to live now more than ever, to see how matters will come out. It is wrong to want to die in such a time as this, when the armies are wheeling into line, and the batteries of earth and hell and heaven are being unlimbered for the contest which will decide who shall have the supremacy of this world.

We have spent too much time in ecclesias-

tical pugilism. We have lost about a hundred years in gunning for Methodists, and drowning Baptists, and beating Presbyterians to death with the decrees, and pommelling Episcopalians with the butt-end of the liturgy. As at Bothwell Bridge the Scotch army quarrelled among themselves, eighteen ministers, with eighteen different opinions, contending most fiercely, until Lord Claverhouse came down with disciplined troops and swept the field; so in the time when hosts of darkness in mail of hell were coming upon us, we were contending, Old School against New School, Free-will Baptists against close communionists, Methodist Church North against Methodist Church South, and we have been routed on a hundred fields, when, forgetting everything but the one-starred banner under which we fought, and the Captain who led us on, we might have shouted the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Thank God that so many of the rams of the

Church have had their horns sawed off, and that the ecclesiastical chanticleers have lost their spurs. The books of controversialists will be on the shelves of college and State libraries, old and yellow and cobwebbed, until even the book-worms will get tired of the slumbrous literature, and depart from old leather-backs; and some day the books will be cast into the fire, and just before the last flame goes out, the world will see in the consuming scrolls the image of two religious combatants with their hands in each other's hair, combing it the wrong way. Bigotry is an owl that cannot see in the daytime; on black and spectral wing it flits through the midnight heavens, and roosts in the belfries of ruined churches.

The millennium has already begun. The Episcopalian lion is eating straw like a Presbyterian ox: the Baptist and Pædo-Baptist, while lovingly discussing their differences, are first

sprinkled, and then *immersed*, by a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Peace! If you, the Methodist, want an anxious seat, long as from Mulberry-street to the Golden Horn, have it, and may it be crowded with repentant sinners! And if it shall be found out that all our Presbyterian brethren have been *fore-ordained* to eternal life, Bishops Simpson and Janes will rejoice with us in the fore-ordination. If this brother will preach in gown and bands, and the Western pioneer shall proclaim the Gospel in his shirt-sleeves, may the blessing come down upon both the preachers! Life is too short, and the work too great, to allow disputation about non-essentials. If a drowning man is to be pulled out of the floods, it makes but little difference whether the hand you reach out to him has on it buck-skin mitten or kid glove.

Let us all go to preaching. Send polished Paul up to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea.

Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma from Yale, or your license from presbytery. If the Lord does not send you into the ministry, no canon of the Church can shoot you into it. But if He has put His hand on your head, you are ordained, and your working-apron shall be the robe, and the anvil your pulpit; and while you are smiting the iron, the hammer of God's truth will break the flinty heart in pieces. Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Müller should attempt chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon blow himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on Commencement stage by a bouquet flung from the ladies' gallery.

Quick! Let us find our work. *You* preach

a sermon—*you* give a tract—*you* hand a flower —*you* sing a song—*you* give a crutch to a lame man—*you* teach the Sabbath class their A, B, C —*you* knit a pair of socks for a foundling—*you* pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! *We will be dead soon*

HOUSE OF DOGS.

HOUSE OF DOGS.

THERE is a great difference of opinion on the subject of dogs. By some people they are admired, and fondled, and petted, and have collars around their necks, and embroidered blankets for their backs, and they lie on the lady's pillow, and take their siestas on the lounge, and are members of the family, the first question in coming into the house after a ride being, "Where is Spot?"

Others abhor dogs. The innocent canines, passing the threshold, are met with emphatic "*Get out!*" They go with their head down all their days, once in a while lifting a timid eye

to a passer-by; but then, as if to atone for the outrage, giving a yelp of repentance and darting down the road.

One-half the dogs you see bear the marks of humiliation. They never saw a bone till all the meat was picked off, and no sooner did they find the gill of a beheaded chicken, and had gone under the shed for a noonday repast, than they were howled away. They have had split sticks on their tail, and tin pails appended, the whole bevy of boys shouting as the miserable cur went down the street, rattle-te-bang. He frisked up pleasantly to greet a sweet lady as she came in the gate, and the damsel shrieked as if she had been massacred, and threw herself into the arms of her friends as soon as the door was opened, crying, "That horrid dog!" What chance have dogs at respectability? Who wonders that they steal sheep?

Now there is, back of Hoboken, a kennel

large enough to accommodate fifty dogs. One day a citizen, passing that way, was reading an account of a great international council to be called, and forthwith the great dog that inhabited the big kennel took the suggestion, and said, "I will make proclamation to all the kingdom of dogs, and they shall come to declare and avenge their wrongs."

Soon there was much barking, and it was found out that the clans were gathering. The amphitheatre of the kennel was crowded with hunters' dogs, and teamsters' dogs, and ladies' dogs, and rowdies' dogs. The great bull-dog, with one huge growl, called the meeting to order, himself taking the chair.

He growled at the cruelty of men, and growled at the folly of women, and growled at the outrages of children, till his growl rose into a furious bark, in which the audience joined, rat-terriers snarling, greyhounds baying, spaniels yelping, so that the tumult was louder

than a whole pack on the fox-chase, when with full voice they burst away on the moors. All attempts at gaining order were ineffectual, till presiding bull-dog took rat-terrier by the neck, and shook him till the bones cracked, and all the poodles shrieked in sheer fright.

Several watch-dogs seated themselves at the reporters' desk, and took notes of proceedings. A letter of regret, post-marked Switzerland, was read from a Saint Bernard dog, saying that he could not come, being busy in saving travellers from the snow in the Alpine passes, but signified himself ready to accept any dogma that might be enacted by the "House of Dogs." A letter was also read from a descendant of Throckmorton's pointer. He scorned the invitation to be present. He did not believe in Democratic assemblages, he having descended from the most aristocratic pointer of all history, and could not have anything to do with American mongrels. One of his great-grandfathers

ad been on the chase with George the Third, and an ancestor on his mother's side had run under the carriage of the Lord Mayor of London.

At this point a fiery blood-hound sprang to his back feet, and offered the following resolutions:—

Whereas, All dogs have by nature certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; therefore,

Resolved, 1*stly*, That we express our indignation at the treatment received from the human race.

Resolved, 2*dly*, That to extirpate the evil, all dogs hereafter be allowed to vote, white and black, male and female.

At this point the whole convention rose up into a riot. The more conservative declared that in this matter of suffrage everything depends on the colour of the dog, and that as to the females, he thought it would be far more

respectable if they stayed at home and took care of the pups.

The uproar bid fair to break up the convention, had not a frisky canine mounted the stage, and in very witty style addressed the meeting. The crowd saw that something pleasant was coming, for he kept wagging his tail—indeed, he was a perfect wag. His speech was not printed, for the reporter was requested not to take it down, as he might want, at some other convention, to make the same speech. Suffice it to say, the whole convention were thrown into good humour, and sat with the sides of their mouths drawn back, and their tongues out in perfect glee.

Discussion of the resolutions being in order, butcher's dog took the stand. He complained that he had received nothing at the hands of man but cruelty and meanness. Surrounded as he had been always by porter-house steaks, and calf's liver, and luscious shank-pieces, and

lamb-chops, he had been kept on gristle and lights. In the peroration of his speech, he said: "Hear it, ye dogs! Was it for this that we were spared in the Ark? Better that our ancestors had perished in the Deluge. I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me beefsteak, or give me death!"

At this point there was a scramble and a rush, and a very disagreeable lap-dog leaped upon the stand. His hair was white and curly, and his eyes red and watery, and his nose damp, and there was a blue ribbon about his neck. His voice was very weak, and could not be heard. An old mastiff shouted, "Louder!" and a Newfoundland exclaimed, "Louder!" and bull-dog, the presiding officer, seized lap-dog by the neck, and pitched him off the stage, for daring to come there with no gift at public speaking.

A teamster's dog came forward. He had been for five years running under a Pennsyl-

vania waggon. He hailed from Berks County, and his advantages had been limited. He was an anti-temperance dog, and complained that there were not enough taverns, for his only time to rest was when his master was halting at the inn. He had travelled many thousand miles in his time, worried ninety-eight cats, and bitten a piece out of the legs of two hundred and sixty-three beggars. He cried, "Down with the temperance fanatics, and up with more taverns!"

An old house-dog rose and looked round, and said: "My children, I am sorry to hear so many complaints! I have had a good time. I own all the place where I live. All the children of my master have ridden on my back. I used to eat with the baby off the same plate, without any spoon. When the boy came back from sea, I was the first to greet him home. What a jolly time I had at the weddings, watching the horses, and eating crumbs of cake! When

sad days came to my master I cheered him up. I was the first to hear his step, and the last to part with him at the lane. I fled not when the black-tasselled hearse came through the gate; and when the cry in the house told me that hearts were broken, I tapped at the door and went in, and lay down on the mat, and tried to divert my master from his woe. I am worth nothing now, but young and old speak kindly when they pass, and I have nothing to disturb me, save when I dream in my sleep that a hare is passing, and I start to take him, and a stiffness catches me in the joints."

A growl went through the kennel. The speech was unpopular. They said old house-dog was getting childish, or they would have howled him down.

The next speaker was a worn-out fighting dog. He had two slits in each ear, and one leg had been broken, and his two eyes had been partially dug out, and his tail abbreviated

till it was nothing to speak of. He was covered with the wounds of battle, and staggered to the stage, and said—

"All the world seems to be against me. I am always getting into trouble. Every foot kicks me, every cudgel strikes me, every whiffet annoys me, every tooth bites me. Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog! In younger days I might have entered into the spirit of this convention, but the time is past. I shall soon join the dogs of Nimrod, the mighty hunter. This is probably the last time I shall ever address the 'House of Dogs.' My hearing is gone, and though at this moment the applause of this audience may be rising, I hear it not. I go down to my grave unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. Upon these dim eyes no vision of brightness shall dawn. Other tails may wag, but not mine. I have no tail! It is gone for ever!"

At this point the whole convention broke

down into a whine and snuffle, and no one felt like lifting the spell till—

A hunting-dog sprang to his feet, and broke in with a cheerful clangour of voice, which had in it the ring of the hunters' horn, and call of the hawk, and gabble of wild geese, and the whirr of a grouse's wing, and the crack of the fowling-piece, and the stroke of a thunder-clap as it drops on the head of the Catskills on an August noon. He cried—

"Why all this complaint? If you want good meat, why do you not hunt it down? If you want sport, why do you not go where it is? If you want to keep your tail, keep out of dog-fights. If you would have your vision clear, wash your eyes in mountain dew at daybreak, When I want it, my master hath for me a whistle, and a patting, and a caress, and a chunk of cheese cut clear across from his own luncheon. His boys are all mine. They race with me down the lane. They throw apples

into the waves for me to swim in and catch. From the door of my kennel I hear the shout of the beaux teasing the damsels by the lamp-light. What music it is—the sound of the knife striking my meal from the dinner-plate! What beauty—the foam flung from a moose's lips, the wave dashed from an elk's flank, the shadow dropped from a pheasant's wing, the wrinkled nostril of the deer snuffing the air as the hounds come down the wind! Oh, ye house-hogs! This world is what you make it, desolate or glad! I have free house, free fare, the earth for a play-ground, the sky for a frescoed wall, the lake for a wash-basin, the mountain mosses for a rug on which to wipe my feet. A first-rate world for dogs!"

"Silence!" cried presiding bull-dog, "we came here to curse and not to bless." "Put him out!" cried the mastiff. "Put him out!" cried scores of voices. And blood-hound plunged at hunting-dog's throat, and teamster

rushed at the speaker with fiercer snarl than ever he started from under Pennsylvania waggon at small boy trying to steal the lash-whip, and fighting-dog tumbled over the back of poodle in blind rage, and Tray, Blanchard, and Sweetheart, and Wolf, and Carlo, and Spot joined in the assault, till hunting-dog flew from the kennel, followed by a terrific volley of howls, roars, yelps, and bellows, that brought out the whole neighbourhood of men with lanterns and torches,—to find an empty kennel, save here and there a patch of hair, and a few broken teeth, and one dislocated eye, and a small piece of rat-terrier's ear, and a shred of blue ribbon from the poodle's neck, and the remaining inch of fighting-dog's tail, which had been the only fragment left from previous encounters,—even that small consolation henceforth denied him,—and scraps of paper containing the resolutions which had not been passed in consequence of the sudden and precipitate adjournment of the

"House of Dogs." By this time it was day-break, and hunting-dog had cleared his pursuers, and, back of the cliffs, was breakfasting on wild pigeon.

RIP—RAP.

RIP—RAP!

A MAN, like a book, must have an index. He is divided into chapters, sections, pages, preface, and appendix; in size, quarto, octavo, or duodecimo, and bound in cloth, morocco antique, or half-calf. The dress, the gait, the behaviour, are an index to the contents of this strange book, and give you the number of the page.

But I think we may also estimate character by the way one knocks at the door of a house, or rings the bell. We have friends whose coming is characteristically indicated by the sound at the door. They think to surprise us,

but their first touch of the door reveals the secret, and we rush out into the hall, crying, "I knew it was you!" The greeting we receive at many a household is, "I knew the ring!"

We look with veneration at the old door-knocker, which, black with the stain of elements, and telling a story of many generations, hangs at the entrance of the homestead. It has none of the frivolous jingle of a modern door-bell. It never jokes, but speaks in tones monosyllabic, earnest, solemn, and always to the point. In olden times, the houses were wide apart, and people so busy it was not more than once or twice a week that the old iron clapper sounded at all, and then it would go off with such sudden bang that the whole family jumped, and wondered who was coming there.

The long-promised visit from a neighbour was to take place that night. The hickory-nuts were

cracked, the cider was already in the pitcher, the apples were wiped, and the dough-nuts piled up in the closet. The children sat at the fire waiting for the arrival of the guests. It seemed as if the visitors would never come; but at last, rousing up all the echoes of hall, and cellar, and garret, the long-silent knocker went *Rip—Rap!* and there was a shaking off of the snow, and running up stairs with hats, and pulling up of chairs at the hearth, and snuffing of candles, and hauling out of the knitting-work, and loud clatter and guffaw of voices, some of which have for a good while been still. At the first clap of the knocker silence fell dead. There is a very festoon of memories hanging on the old door. The sailor-boy far at sea wonders if it looks just as it used to when he played on the sill, and imagines himself standing with his hand on the knocker, and in his dream is startled to hear it go off, waking up to find that it is only an ice-glazed

rope in the rigging, going "Rip—rap! Rip —rap!"

The hearty, enthusiastic man always gives a characteristic ring. When he puts his hand on the knob, it seems as if the bell would go crazy. It flies up and down the house with racket, and after it seems to be about through, starts up again, as if it meant to apologise for stopping. The nurse runs down from the bedroom, and the cook comes up from the kitchen, and the children bend over the banisters, and the father, who was taking an afternoon nap, bounds to the floor, shouting, "What on earth is the matter?" And you look at the clapper of the bell, and find it swinging yet, as if it were getting ready for another volley.

When our inanimate friend comes to see us, he makes no disturbance. His liver has for several years been on a strike, and his blood acts as if it would have stopped circulation entirely, but for its respect for William Harvey.

In his ordinary walk, each step is so undecided that you know not whether he is going on, or is about to stop and spend the evening. As he pulls your bell, you hear the tongue creak in the socket, but no decided ring. You go out in the hall to see if the bell is in motion. You wait for a more decided demonstration, and in about five minutes there is just one little, delicate tap that lets you know the gentleman at the door is still breathing. The door-bell imposes on such men, and hangs idly about, gossiping with bedroom and parlour bells, and deserves to have a good shaking.

Beggars have a characteristic knock. This man with a printed certificate that he was blown up with Vesuvius, and drowned in the Mississippi, and afterward killed on the New Jersey Central, and considerably injured in other respects, comes against your basement-door with an emphasis indescribable. He feels that you have what belongs to him. His

knuckles are hard by much practice. When he strikes your door, it means, "Stand and deliver!" But some night, about ten o'clock, you hear something at the basement. It is a cold night, and you think it is only the wind rattling the shutters; but after a while you hear it again—a faint tap, as though it were not made with the knuckle, but the nail of the little finger. You open the door, and before a word is returned, you read in her face, "No fire! No bread for the children! No coverlets to keep them warm! No hope!" She had been at a dozen doors before, but had knocked so softly there was no response. She did not dare to touch the bell, lest it might with garrulous tongue tell all her woe. Is anyone watching that woman in the thin shawl? Did any ear listen to the craunch of that woman's foot in the crisp snow? When she struck the nail of her little finger against the cold basement-door, was the stroke drowned by the night

wind? No! It sounded farther than the heavy bang of the sturdy beggar—louder than the clang of forge, or pounding of gauntleted fist of warrior at castle-gate. Against the very door of heaven it struck, and sounded through the long, deep corridors of Infinite pity, "Rip —rap! Rip—rap!"

Children *will* wake up early in the morning. Perhaps you have been disturbed in the night, and gone wandering around the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion, when, at midnight, we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and gave the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle-bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the door, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to be

interrupted at such unseasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers, tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have confounded burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew open at the touch of the tip-end of a baby's finger.

The roughest knock that ever strikes the door is a sheriff's knock, as he comes to levy

on the furniture. The gentlest knock is that of a comforter, as she arrives to tell us of the good imes coming. The gladdest, merriest ring of the door-bell is at the holiday festival, when six children, after long absence, come to the homestead, all talking at once, and asking questions, without waiting for answers before they ask more, and talking over boyhood and girlhood days, and bringing down the old cradle from the garret, and dressing up mother in her faded wedding-dress, and continuing to laugh, and cry, and kiss, and shout, and turn somersaults, and cut up and cut down, till the door-bell is mad at the disturbance, and solemnly vows, "I will never ring again for such a company as this!" And it keeps its word. Better each one take a leaf of the Christmas-tree, for it is the last one that shall ever grow in that house. The door-bell had told many a lie, pretending that some one worth seeing had come, but this time it told the truth. That was

the last holiday scene in which the six mingled. Another bell took up the strain, but it was deep and slow, and the sound came down from the old church-belfry as though the door-bell of heaven had tapped at the going in of a soul. Not one of the six was compelled to stand, with weary rip-rap, banging at the celestial door, for the faces of their friends were pressed against the window, watching. And the table was already spread, and the pomegranates, piled up on the caskets, were so ripe that the rinds did burst at the first touch of the lip. And with oldest wine of heaven, more than eighteen hundred years ago by two scarred hands pressed from grapes of Eshcol, they did rise up, chalice gleaming to chalice, and drank, "To THE RESCUE!"

THE RIGHT TRACK.

THE RIGHT TRACK.

THERE are thousands of persons in places where they do not belong. The bird's wing means air, the fish's fin means water, the horse's hoof means solid ground; and what would happen if the bird tried the water, and the fish tried the air, happens when men get out of their natural element. In my watch, the spring cannot exchange places with the wheels, nor the cogs with the pivots. "Stay where I put you!" cries the watchmaker, "if you want to keep good time." Now, the world is only a big watch that God wound up, and the seasons are

the hands which tell how fast the time is going. "Stay where I put you!" says our great Creator. Or, if you prefer, human society is a ship. Some are to go a-head; they are the prow. Some are to stay behind and guide those who lead; they are the helm. Some are to be enthusiastic and carry the flag; they are the masts. Some are to do nothing but act as a dead weight; they are shovelled in as ballast. Some are to fume and fret and blow; they are the valves.

Our happiness and success depend on being where we belong. A scow may be admirable, and a seventy-four gun-ship may be admirable, but do not put the scow on the ocean, or the ship-of-the-line in a mill-pond. Fortune is spoken of as an old shrew, with hot water, shovel, and tongs, pursuing the innocent. But though sometimes losing her temper, she mostly approves those who are in their sphere, and condemns those who are where they do not belong.

How, then, account for the success of such persons as Elihu Burritt and Hugh Miller—the former a blacksmith, yet showing unbounded capacity for the acquisition of language; the latter a stone-mason, and yet, as though he were one of the old buried Titans come to life, pressing up through rocks and mountains, until, shaking from his coat a world of red sandstone, and washing off from his hands the dust of millions of years, he takes the professor's chair in a college? We answer, different men want different kinds of colleges. The anvil was the best school-desk for Elihu Burritt, and quarry-stone for Hugh Miller. The former, among the cinders and horse-shoes, learned that patient toil which was the secret of his acquisition in the languages. The latter, from observations made while toiling with chisel and crowbar, laid the foundation of his wonderful attainments, one shelf of rock being worth to him more than the hundred shelves of a college-library.

Some men get into an occupation below that for which they are intended. They have their "seventy-four" in the mill-pond. They do not get along as well in that position as somebody with less brains. An elephant would make wretched work if you set it to hatch out goose-eggs, but no more wretched than a man of great attainments appointing himself to some insignificant office.

Men are often in a position a little above that for which they were intended. Now the old scow is out on the ocean. The weights of a clock said, "Come! come! This is dull work down here! I want to be the pendulum!" But the pendulum shouted upward, "I'm tired of this work! It does not seem that I make any progress going backward and forward! Oh! that I were the hands!" Under this excitement, the old clock, which had been going ever since the Revolutionary War, stopped stock-still. "What is the matter now,

my old friend?" says the gray-haired patriarch. For very shame, not a word was said, until the old man set it a-going. Then the striking-bell spoke up and said, "Nothing! only the weights wanted to be the pendulum, and the pendulum wanted to be the hands!" "Well, well!" said grandfather, "this is great work!" and the old man, losing his patience, gave the clock a gentle slap in the face, and told the pendulum hereafter to hold its tongue, and said to the weights, "You be hanged!"

But how may we know if we are in our right place—not an inch above, not an inch below? If you can perform your work *easily*, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious effort to do more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swing in its orbit as for a mote to float in a sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on

its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadow-brook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

Poets talk about the waters of Niagara being in an *agony*, but I think they like it. How they frolic and clap their hands, miles above, as they come skipping on toward the great somersault, singing, "Over we go! over we go!" When the universe goes at such tremendous speed, and the least impediment might break one of the great wheels, is it not a wonder that we do not hear a prodigious crack, or thunderous bang, loud enough to make the world's knees knock together? Yet a million worlds in their flight do not make as much noise as a honey-bee coquetting among the clover-tops. Every thing in nature is just

as easy. Now, if the position you occupy require unnatural exertion, your only way out is either to take a step higher, or a step further down. Providence does not demand that you should break your back, or put your arm out of joint, or sprain your ankle. If you can only find out just what you are to do, you can do it perfectly easily.

Let the young be sure to begin right. Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but

in crossing over from stem to stem, they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said Heart's-ease. "You might better have stayed in your places!"

CHILLS AND FEVER VINDICATED.

CHILLS AND FEVER VINDICATED.

THERE has somehow arisen a strong prejudice against the above phase of country life, and no one has appeared as its champion. It is slung down among diseases, and denounced as though nothing might be said in its favour. For some inexplicable reason, people say nothing of it till they have sold their place. We confess ourselves that while we owned our farm we had a tendency to call it a "bilious attack," or a "trouble of the liver," or an "intermittent."

We estimate as among the most interesting periods of our life, the season when we were

attacked with it. If there were any advantages to be derived, we certainly derived them. It was a matter of some doubt whether *we* had the chills or the chills had *us;* but one warm summer afternoon it was decided in our favour. If the people who are longing for a new sensation would only try this! It is a different feeling from that which a man has on any other occasion. Is it not strange that there is so much practical ignorance on this subject when the chills may be so easily taken? You need go no long journey to obtain them. Just wheel your arm-chair to the piazza, some June night, or walk along the marsh at dusk, or ride out on a damp evening without an overcoat, and you have them as thoroughly as many a man who has gone to greater expense. Nay, some places are so well adapted to them, that without any use of means at all you may win the prize. Chills and fever are entirely unselfish. If a man gets the quinsy sore-throat, or a boil on

his back, he is apt to monopolise the entire entertainment; but in the case of which I speak, your family may join you. If the one shakes, they may all shake. If the one looks blue around the finger-nails, they may all look blue around the finger-nails.

You begin without any apparent reason to feel very tired, awfully tired. You become seriously aware that you have a great many bones, and are convinced that your limbs have a great superfluity of ossification. You begin to yawn till any chicken with the gapes would think you were caricaturing the diseases of the barn-yard. You stretch, without any seeming idea as to what you are putting out your hands for. You button up one button of your coat. You walk round the house, and then fasten two buttons. You walk upstairs, and fasten all the buttons. You lie down on the clean white coverlet, boots and all. Your wife, after criticising your taste in going to bed with boots

on, puts on you all the blankets she can find; and you shout, "More cover!" She hunts up all the shawls, and piles them up in woollen pyramid. She gets out two or three old dresses, and puts them on; and you cry, "Give us more cover!" Considerably frightened, she lays on the top of the pile her best dresses. She puts on the top of this the children's clothes, and then gives solidity to the mass by adding two pillows; and through your chattering teeth you exclaim, "More cover!" You feel that you are making the Arctic expedition in search of John Franklin, and that the friendly Esquimaux are rubbing you down with a couple of small icebergs. Your tongue is a hailstone and your nose an icicle.

By this time the stomach becomes like the Stock Exchange, with all the breakfasts you ever ate trying each to bid the highest, after a while throwing all the securities flat on the market. You save a thousand dollars by getting

sea-sick, without the experiences and perils of an ocean expedition. You feel as if you must have swallowed something that was going toward Tarshish, when it ought to have been going toward Nineveh. You wonder what has got into you; and make up your mind that it must be more Esquimaux riding up and down behind ten dogs fastened to sledges.

Suddenly the climate changes from Arctic to Torrid. Your wife lifts the two pillows; but still you are too hot, and your wife takes off the layer of children's clothes. But by this time you are like a buried Titan, and away fly off from your struggling limbs the tertiary, cretaceous, carboniferous, and calciferous strata of old dresses and new dresses, shawls and blankets. You wonder why a big blanket is called a "a comfortable." You want air. You want fans. You have an oven in your head, three cooking-stoves under your diaphragm; and if one earns bread by the sweat of his

brow, you have shed enough perspiration to buy out several bakeries. You chew ice, and squeeze lemons, and dramatise the ague; and then lie four hours in silence, meditating on the pleasures of life in the country, with fine river-prospect.

The ague is not at all disquieting after you get sufficiently used to it. The trouble with us was, not that we had the ague, but that we did not keep the place long enough to get used to it. We have no patience with those plain, matter-of-fact people who can see no poetry in the ague. They have no appreciation of any great physical enterprise. They run for quinine, or Deshler's pills, or India Cholagogue, to get rid of that about which many have wondered, but died without the sight.

We have it to boast that, while some of our neighbours beat us in the size of their turnips, and the flavour of their strawberries, we beat them all in the shakes. Indeed, none of them

had the chills; they were only troubled with "bilious attack," or "intermittent symptoms." Indeed, we never saw in all that region any man who had a fair "out-and-out" attack of chills and fever, except ourselves. We went in to sympathise with our neighbour, afflicted just as we had been. He said nothing much, but looked cadaverous; did not seem to have much animation; gaped nine times during our visit; thought it was a remarkably healthy neighbourhood, and got up and put on two overcoats, but said he did not feel chilly; raised both hands as if to strike us to the floor, making us feel like crying out, "My dear sir, what have I done to offend you?" but were relieved by finding that he was only stretching himself.

It may be a recommendation for this physical luxury to those who like permanency and fixedness, that this is not, like many of the acquisitions of earth, transitory and evanescent.

Once get it, and you need have no fear of losing it. It is like the widow's cruse of oil—it never fails. We knew a Western pastor who had it for fifteen years, and we saw him sitting in ecclesiastical council one day, taking a chill as naturally as the Heidelberg Catechism. He looked as if he were gnashing his teeth at heterodoxy; but he was only chattering because he was chilly.

One of the grand moral arguments in favour of the ague is the fact that it clothes one with the exquisite grace of humility. Nothing like the shakes to make a man abhor himself. He would be willing to sell himself for a low price, and take his pay in parsley and onions. He sinks in his own estimation, till in the comparison he considers the mouse to be a very noble animal, and sits down in the porch, not wanting to be spoken to, and hurls a brick at the cat for making fun of him.

Another thing in favour of this institution is

that when you have it you are insured for the time being against any disease. We should like to see a man try to get the croup or the mumps at the time this is on him. It monopolises a man's entire attention. He has no time for anything else. He shakes off everything irrelevant. Who will say that this concentration of a man's attention on one thing is not a valuable mental discipline? He can think of nothing else. It is equal in this respect to a regular course of mathematics. Indeed, the mere matter of counting the shakes gives him a sum in simple *addition;* and, as he finds his strength being taken away, he goes into *subtraction,* and tests the *rule of three* by calculating, if he shakes as hard as this in one attack, how much he will shake in three. By this time he gets into algebra, and finds out that a chill plus a fever, plus quinine, plus India Cholagogue, plus Ayer's Antidote, plus boneset tea, plus enlargement of the spleen, plus the doc-

tor's bill, is equal to ten fits. But the ague patient rises to still higher mathematics; and, during one of the attacks on the bed, describes with his body an equilateral polygon, and sits up, taking hold of his feet till he is turned into a hypotenuse, and gets his body so thoroughly mixed up and out of place, that he proves that the rectangle contained by the diagonals of a quadrilateral inscribed in a circle is equivalent to the sum of the rectangles of the opposite sides; and winds up his mathematical exercises by *pons asinorum*, and a fever delirium, in which he sees Euclid dancing about with an epicycloid around his neck, and a parallelopiped on his back, and a whole class of college freshmen hanging on to his coat-tail. Now, if there be such mathematical drill in chills and fever, why not have our colleges and young ladies' seminaries removed from the inland regions, and set the buildings down where they shall have a river-front?

But chills and fever would not be well vindicated, did we not say that they always make business lively. Not only is the patient very active at times; but there is lively work for druggists, doctors, and, after a while, for enterprising undertakers. For months we made daily pilgrimage to the apothecary. You want to begin with anti-bilious pills. Then you want a febrifuge. Then you want a tonic. All this failing, then you want a physician; then, utterly depressed, you want a minister; and after that you don't know what you want; but before you have been long in the perplexity of not knowing what you want, you have another chill, and then the perplexity is over, for you decide that your want is—MORE COVER.

All these wants make lively markets. When you have nothing else to take your attention, you have the buzzing in your ear that comes from large doses of quinine. This noise is like an ecumenical council of bees, and has a

poetic and rhythmic effect in reminding you of that delightful refrain, "How doth the busy bee improve each shining hour!"

Oh, that all the world lived in the country, and that every house had a river-front!

CITY FOOLS IN THE COUNTRY.

CITY FOOLS IN THE COUNTRY.

BECAUSE a man is wise in some places, we are not to conclude that he is wise everywhere. You find men grandly successful in the counting-room and at the Board of Trade, whose common sense forsakes them as they cross the city limits.

During the last few years, a multitude of men have left town for country life, with the idea that twenty thousand dollars, and a few books on agriculture, would make them successful farmers. They will take the prizes at the county fair. They will have the finest cattle, the most affluent hens, the most reason-

able ducks, and the most cleanly swine. Their receipts will far outrun their expenses. The first year they are disappointed. The second year they collapse. The third year they tack to a post the sign, "*For Sale!*" They knew not that agriculture is a science and a trade, and that a farmer might as well come in with his carpet-bag, set it down in the engineer's room of a Liverpool steamer, expecting in ten minutes to start the machinery, and successfully guide the vessel across the Atlantic, as one, knowing nothing of country life, to undertake to engineer the intricate and outbranching affairs of a large farm. As well set the milkmaid to write a disquisition on metaphysics, a rag-picker to lecturing on æsthetics.

The city fool hastens out at the first beck of pleasant weather. He wishes to sit in what poets call "the lap of spring." We have ourselves sat, several times, in her lap, and pronounce her the roughest nurse that ever had

anything to do with us. Through March, April, and May, for the last few years, the maiden seems to have been out of patience, and she blows, and frets, and spits in your face with storm, till, seemingly exhausted with worriment, she lies down at the feet of June.

The family of the city fool are, for the first ten days after going into the country, kept in the house by bad weather. It is the Paradise of mud. The soft ground, enraptured with the dainty feet of the city belle, takes their photograph all up and down the lane, and secures its pay by abstracting one of her overshoes up by the barn, and the other by the woods. Mud on the dress. Mud on the carriage-wheels. Mud on the door-step. A very carnival of mud!

The city fool has great contempt for ordinary stock, and talks only of "high bloods." His cattle are all Ayrshires, or shorthorns, or Devons. But, for some reason, they do not give half as much milk as the awkward, unheraldic,

mongrel breed that stand at nightfall looking through the neighbour's bars.

The poultry of our hero are Golden Hamburgs, and Buff Dorkings, and Bengaliers, and Cropple-crowns, and Black Polands and Chittaprats. But they are stingy of laying, and notwithstanding all the inducements of expensive coop, and ingenious nests, and handsome surroundings, are averse to any practical or useful expression. They eat, and drink, and cackle, and do everything but lay. You feed them with hot mush, and throw lime out of which they are to make the shell, and strew ashes to kill the lice, and call on them by all the glorious memory of a distinguished ancestry to do something worthy of their name, but all in vain. Here and there an egg, dropped in the mud in preference to the appointed place, gives you a specimen of what they might do if they only willed. We owned such a hen. We had given an outrageous price for her. We lavished

on that creature every possible kindness. Though useless, she made more noise than all the other denizens of the barn-yard, and, as some faithful hen came from her nest, would join in the cackle, as much as to say, "Ain't we doing well?" We came to hate the sight of that hen. She knew it well, and as she saw us coming, would clear the fence with wild squawk, as if her conscience troubled her. We would not give one of our unpretending Dominics for three full-blooded Chittaprats.

The city fool expects, with small outlay, to have bewitching shrubbery, and a very Fontainebleau of shade-trees, and pagodas, and summer-houses, and universal arborescence. He will be covered up with clematis and weigelia. The paths—white-gravelled, innocent of weeds or grass, and round-banked—shall wind about the house, and twist themselves into all unexpectedness of beauty. If he cannot have a Chatsworth Park, nine miles in cir-

cumference, he will have something that will make you think of it. And all this will be kept in order with a few strokes of scythe, hoe, and trimming-knife.

The city fool selects his country place without reference to socialities. He will bring a pocket-full of papers from the store, which will be all his family will want to know of society and the world; and then a healthy library, from which shall look down all the historians and poets, will give them a surfeit of intellectualities. He does not know why his wife and daughters want to go back to town. What could be more gay? Market-waggons passing the door, and farmers going with grist to the mill, and an occasional thunder-storm to keep things lively, and the bawling of the cow recently bereft of her calf. Coming home besweated from the store, at night, the father finds the females crying on the piazza. What better concert do they want than the robins?

What livelier beaux than the hedges of syringa? With a very wail of woe they cry out to the exasperating husband and father—

"We want to see something!"

"Good gracious!" he shouts, "go forth and look at the clouds, and the grass, and the Southdowns! One breath of this evening air is worth all the perfumes of fashionable society!"

There is apt to be disappointment in crops. Even a stupid turnip knows a city fool as soon as it sees him. Marrow-fat peas fairly rattle in their pods with derision as he passes. The fields are glad to impose upon the novice. Wandering too near the beehive with a book on honey-making, he got stung in three places. His cauliflowers turn out to be cabbages. The thunder spoils his milk. The grass-butter, that he dreamed of, is rancid. The taxes eat up his profits. The drought consumes his corn. The rust gets into his wheat. The peaches drop off before they ripen. The rot strikes the pota-

toes. Expecting to surprise his benighted city-friends with a present of a few early vegetables, he accidentally hears that they have had new potatoes, and green peas, and sweet corn for a fortnight. The bay mare runs away with the box-waggon. His rustic-gate gets out of order. His shrubbery is perpetually needing the shears. It seems almost impossible to keep the grass out of the serpentine walks. A cow gets in and upsets the vase of flowers. The hogs destroy the water-melons, and the gardener runs off with the chamber-maid. Everything goes wrong, and farming is a failure. It always *is* a failure when a man knows nothing about it. If a man can afford to make a large outlay for his own amusement, and the health of his family, let him hasten to his country purchase. But no one, save a city fool, will think to keep a business in town, and make a farm *financially* profitable.

There are only two conditions in which farm-

ing pays. The first, when a man makes agriculture a lifetime business, not yielding to the fatal itch for town which is depopulating the country, and crowding the city with a multitude of men standing idle with their hands in their own or their neighbours' pockets. The other condition is, when a citizen with surplus of means, and weary of the excitements and confinements of city life, goes to the country, not expecting a return of dollars equal to the amount disbursed, but expects, in health, and recreation, and communion with nature, to find a wealth compared with which, all bundles of scrip and packages of Government securities are worthless as the shreds of paper in the waste-basket under the counting-room desk. Only those who come out of the heats of the town, know the full enchantment of country life. Three years ago, on the prongs of a long fork, with which we tossed the hay into the mow, we pitched away our last attack of "the

blues." We can beat back any despondency we ever knew with a hoe-handle. Born and brought up in the country, we have, ever since we left it, been longing to go back, though doomed for most of the time to stay in town. The most rapturous lay of poet about country life has never come up to our own experiences. Among the grandest attractions about the Heavenly City are the trees, and the rivers, and the white horses. When we had a place in the country, the banquet lasted all summer, beginning with cups of crocus, and ending with glowing tankards of autumnal leaf. At Belshazzar's feast the knees trembled for the finger that wrote doom, but the hand-writing on our wall was that of honeysuckle and trumpet-creeper.

SUBLIME WRETCHEDNESS OF WATERING-PLACES.

SUBLIME WRETCHEDNESS OF WATERING-PLACES.

ALL the world may be divided into two classes—those who go to watering-places, and those who wish they could. In summer, the unemployed trunks, valises, and carpet-bags up in the attic, swell with envy until they almost burst their straps, pry off their lids, or demolish their buckles, as the express-waggons rattle the street, piled up with baggage marked for Lake George, Newport, or Clifton Springs. If the "castle in the air," that many of our business-men are building, should alight, it would probably come down on the Beach, or at the Springs. Give me fifteen glasses

of fresh Congress water before breakfast, or I die!

For tens of thousands of our people, the most delectable event in their home-life, is, their going away. Nothing must interfere with this. Papa's business may have been poor during the year, and every dollar may be necessary to keep the firm from a capsize, but walk the beach with the Hardings they ought, climb Mount Washington they must, sip sulphur water they will.

There are three orders of American nobility. To the highest belong those who spend all the summer away. Give them full swing! Feel honoured if they tread on your corns. They hold in their hand letters-patent of nobility, namely, a hotel-bill for eight or ten weeks' board at Bedford Springs. The second order are those who stay two or three weeks. Let them be honoured! They were at six "hops," rode out twice to the races, and formed the

acquaintance of the nephew of one of the staff officers of General Burnside. All hail! Put down a strip of carpet from carriage to door-step as they come back. Make way for them on the church-aisle. Here they come, after three weeks at Ballston Spa. The lowest order are those who can only say that they were gone "a few days." We would not by any means class them with those who stay at home, or merely go into the country, for they are on the way up, and in a few years may compass a whole month away. Many who once had no better prospects than they, have lived to spend six weeks in an attic at five dollars a day. Many people, no doubt, gain great physical and mental advantages from their stay at watering-places. Toiling men and women find here a respite, make valuable acquaintance, and come home with stronger and steadier pulse. But there are a multitude that crowd these places, unhappy while they stay, and sick

when they come home. What with small rooms, and tight clothes, and late hours, and slights, and heart-burnings, and nothing to do, it makes up what we call *the sublime wretchedness of watering-places.*

The Simingtons lived in a perfect palace in Rittenhouse Square. There was not a stone, or nail, or panel, or banister in all the house that seemed to be in anywise related to the nails, stones, panels, or banisters of the houses of common people. There was an air of pride and pomp in the mortar of the foundation—a very aristocracy of mud. The halls were wide, and ran straight through, ample enough to allow a military company to march and wheel. The stairs were mahogany, uncarpeted, but guarded by elaborately twisted rails, at every turn revealing a bust of marble looking at you from the niche in the wall. The exact size of the rooms had been sent to Axminster, with an order that the loom must do its best. The

walls blossomed and bloomed with masterpieces. Bronze, with wing of chandelier, shook down the light. The golden links that drooped about the burners, in a gust of evening air zigzagged—the chain-lightning of *uppertendom*. There was a bewitching perfume which filled the house, and made you think that the wreaths in the plush and on the silvered paper of the wall were living flowers, that held in their urns the ashes of all passed generations of posies. The curtains stooped about the window graceful as the veil of a bride. The sleeping apartments were adorned with canopy, and embroidered pillow, and lounges, and books, and toilet-table of tinged marble, on which lay brushes and other apparatus with which heiresses smoothed, or frizzled, or curled, or twisted, or knotted, or waved, or crimped, or coiled, or bunched, or flumuxed their hair.

In a word, it was a great house, and ordinary people seldom saw the inside of it, save when

passing, as the door opened to let out a party to the flashing carriage that wheeled restlessly about the door. Indeed, in our small street, we all tried to do as the Simingtons did. We saw how they wore their cravats, and that was the way we tied ours. They told us at the cane-store that Simington had just bought a peculiar handle, and we took one just like it. Our wives and daughters, instead of treading straight on as once, when we took them to church, surprised us by a peculiar gait made up of teeter, swing, and waddle, which made us look down, and, in fear of their sudden paralysis, ask, "What *is* the matter?" but we instantly saw that they were only taking on the way of the Simingtons, and so we excused them.

It was the first day of June, and the back room of the second story of that house looked as if it had been tossed by a whirlwind. Two dress-makers of the first order were busy in preparing an outfit for the young ladies and

their mother, who were soon to start for the watering-place. The floor, and table, and chairs, and divans were covered with patterns, and scissors, and fragments of silk, and flakes of cotton, and smoothing irons, and spools, and buttons, and tassels, and skeins of silk, and rolls of goods from which the wrapping had just been torn, riding-habits green and black and flamboyant, pearl pendants and pipings of satin glittering with steel, bugles, and beads, and rings, and ribbons sky-blue, grass-green or fire-tipped, and chenille and coral for the hair, and fringes, and gimps, and puffs, and flutings, and braids, and bands, and bracelets, and necklets, and collars, and cuffs, and robes of mohair, and dresses adorned with Cluny lace and Chambery gauze, and grenadines, and organdines, and tarlatanes, and moreens, a package of Ivins's Patent Hair Crimper, and bandelets of straw bells, and a great variety of hats—shell hats, soup-plate hats, sailor

hats, hats so small that they looked as if the bird lodged in the trimming were carrying them off, and hats that would not be taken for hats at all, a bottle of Upham's Freckle and Tan Banisher, and a vial of Swarthout's Pimple Extinguisher, and a box of Cruickshank's Wart Exterminator, and a hundred other things the use of which you could not imagine, unless they were weapons with which to transfix hard-hearted bachelors, or lassos with which to haul in unmanageable coquettes. All these things were to be matched, made up, fixed, sewed together, cut apart, organised, and packed in trunks.

Matilda, the elder daughter, and Blanche were flushed with the excitement of the great undertaking. Blanche had heard that Florence, the only daughter of the next-door neighbour, was going to make her first appearance that year at the Springs, and the idea of being surpassed by that young snip, as Blanche called

her, was a thing not to be borne. Every few moments the door-bell was rung by errand-boys from the stores in Chestnut Street, and while the servant was attending the door, Blanche would drop the patterns, and run up and down the room in a state of nervousness that would have been unjustifiable, were it not for the important preparations that were being made.

Matilda was plainer, and more self-reliant. The fact was, that her childhood had been schooled in some hardships. The Simingtons had not always lived in Rittenhouse Square. The father had belonged to that class of persons who have to work for a living, and Matilda had at one time been obliged to run errands, scour the front steps, and wait on the door, while her mother did her own work. Now it is well known that while there may be romance about a maiden with sleeves rolled back from dimpled arms, wringing clothes in a mountain stream by the rude cabin of her father, there

never has been and never will be any romance about a wash-tub in a city kitchen, the air hot and steamed, the apron soaked, the sweat running to the tip of nose and chin, and the whole scene splashed with a magnitude of soapsuds, soda ash, and bags of blue. Burns picked up poetry out of a mouse's nest, and Ralph Waldo Emerson can squeeze juice from a basket of chips, but no one has ever plucked up a canto from the depths of a wash-tub, or been able to measure poetic feet with a bar of soap. Who would think of rinsing clothes in the Aganippe? To this day Mrs. Simington's knuckles are big, and there is an unseemly healthiness about her cheek, which three years of dissipation in very high life have been unable to conquer.

Amid such uncomely circumstances, Matilda had nearly come to a practical, robust womanhood, when her father, Jephthah Simington, was invited into an oil speculation. (Jephthah was the Christian name given him by an an-

cestor who had a passion for Scripture names, although now he writes it simply J. Simington.) By an evening lamp six gentlemen met, made out a map of Venango County, located the oil-wells, ran creeks through wherever they ought to be, agreed on the number of shares, and appointed a committee to visit Elder Stringham of the Presbyterian Church, and induce him to accept the presidency of the company, overcoming his scruples at joining an enterprise of which he knew nothing, by offering him a large number of shares; and by the same process securing as directors Deacon Long of the Baptist Church, trustee Wilkinson of the Methodist, and Vestryman Powell of the Episcopal. The shares flew. At the door of the company's office, for several days, the people stood in rows, taking their chance, and one old gentleman had a rib broken by a woman of Celtic origin with iron elbows, who crashed into his side as the *Merrimac* into the *Cum-*

berland, shouting, "You murtherin' wretch, git back! What do you mane by runnin' forninst a poor woman with five orphan children?"

In this, as in several other projects of the kind, Simington went in on the "ground floor," and came out through "the cellar." All the people in our street were outraged and disgusted, for nearly all belonged to some of the three thousand companies organised for the development of oil, and they all supposed that they had gone in on the "ground floor," but found that they had only entered the garret. It always shocks people's moral sensibilities when they find others successfully doing that which they failed in. But there were three or four little enterprises of this kind that bothered Simington at night when he said his prayers. Indeed, one night, as he came to the sentence, "If I should die before I wake," he bounded up from his knees, and sat down at the table, and drew a check for a hundred

dollars for the Missionary Society, that Bibles might be sent to Ethiopia to make all the coloured people honest; also a check for a hundred dollars for the printing of tracts on the sin of dancing; and another for the same amount to the fund for the relief of the destitute, some of them having been the victims of "those who devour widows' houses." Whereupon he felt better, went immediately to sleep, and dreamed of a heaven in which the rivers rolled oil, and the rocks gushed oil, and the trees dripped oil, and the skies rained oil, and, on a throne made out of "Slippery Rock," sat the prince of stock-auctioneers, crying, "And a half! and a 'alf! going! gone!"

No wonder the Simingtons so soon moved into a palace. But they had a world of trouble with their old acquaintances. It seemed impossible to shake off the nuisance. Blanche could hardly pass down the steps with Antonio Grimshaw, on the way to the opera, without

having some woman in ordinary apparel ask, "How do you do, Blanche?" Whereupon she would frown, and stare, and almost look the offender down through the side-walk; and when Antonio said, "Who was that?" Blanche would answer, "I don't know the horrid creature! It is probably our servant-girl's dressmaker!" It seemed to the Simingtons as if their life would be extinguished with the impudence of people. Oh! the disgrace of having a hack drive to the door, and a distant relative from the country dismount, holding a faded carpet-bag, the handles tied together by a rope; to go down to the parlour and have a gawk of a niece come up with a hat all over her head, and give you a great smack, as though she had a right to kiss the Simingtons!

But people have mostly learned to know their place by this time, and, unmolested by such untimely calls and disgusting remembrances, the dresses are being fitted. Matilda's

shape had, by early industries, been made too robust for present circumstances, and the dress-maker had an awful time with her. All the ingenuity of the house had been expended in trying to diminish her waist. The dress-maker pinched, and pulled, and twisted, and laced, and punched, and shook the stubborn Matilda, who, in the painful process of being fitted, looked red, and pale, and blue, once in a while giving an outcry of distress, which finally brought her mother to the rescue. "Matilda!" cried Mrs. Simington, "how can you go on so? You shall be left at home if you don't look out! You are a great awkward thing. Why, when I was your age I could completely span my waist with my two hands!" "Oh, mother! mother!" answered Matilda, "it is not my fault. The trouble is, there is not strength enough in the corsets!"

The first day of July had come, and eleven trunks were lifted into the express-waggon: one

for the father, three for the mother, one for Frank, the only son, a young man of twenty-one, and six for Blanche and Matilda. Added to this was a bundle belonging to Rose, the black waiting-maid. It was a hot morning, thermometer eighty-five in the shade. The cars were full of people, and the Simingtons were obliged to sit on the sunny side. None were willing to give up their seats, although Mrs. Simington for some seconds looked daggers at a gentleman who, she thought, might be more polite, and not making any impression upon him, ran the point of her parasol accidentally into his eye, and with a sudden swing of her skirts upset his valise. "What horrid creatures!" said Blanche. "How pleasant it would be to find some real gentlemen!" It was the morning for an excursion. There were six extra cars, and all of them crowded. The rushing back and forward of such a herd of working-people pained the sensibilities of the

whole Simington family, Matilda excepted. She looked thoroughly placid, and said, "Other people have as good a right to travel as we; and this hot weather, instead of making you pout, my dear sister, ought to fill us with thanksgiving to God, for it will ripen the harvest, and make bread cheap for the poor."

"Hush up, Matilda!" said Mrs. Simington; "you will never get over your early mixing with those Methodists. We are going out to have a good time, and I don't want to hear any more of your religious comments. Blanche was right. The weather is awful. Frank! what has become of your shirt-collar? Wilted out of sight, I declare!" The dust flew with every revolution of the wheels. Frank had all the family by turns looking into his eye for a cinder, and was so outraged that he went out on the platform to have what he called "a good swear," felt somewhat relieved, and came back, and, pulling down the lower lid of his

eye, had his mother blow into it. But no cinder was to be found. Blanche said she did not believe there was anything the matter with it; whereupon Frank called her a name not at all eulogistic, and Blanche responded in terms more emphatic than complimentary.

J. Simington sat quiet, for he felt thoroughly exhausted. His anxieties about the trunks, his misunderstanding with the porters, his confusion about the checks, and the purchase of five through-tickets, had besweated him amazingly. When the agent cried out, "Show your tickets!" the old gentleman missed one of them, felt in his coat-pocket, in his vest, in his dust-coat, looked in his hat, looked under the seat, took out his pocket-book, had all the people rise and move their carpet-bags, and the ladies shake out their dresses, and repeated the whole process several times, till the agent lost his patience and made the perplexed traveller pay again. What with the heat, and the

dust, and the cinders, and the bad breath of the common people, the annoyance would have been unbearable to the Simingtons, had it not been for the self-control and imperturbable demeanour of Matilda, and the assurance, which every now and then came to their minds, that they were off on the especial business of having a good time.

After much fatigue our party reach the watering-place, and go from the cars to a first-class hotel. While the family are waiting in the reception-room, J. Simington, Esquire, is at the clerk's desk registering the names. He writes them in full hand, supposing that a decided sensation will be produced among the guests and hotel officials:

J. Simington.
Mrs. J. Simington.
Frank Simington.
Matilda Simington.
Blanche Simington.
And waiting-maid.

Surely such signatures upon the register will secure princely accommodations. "Give me three capacious rooms adjoining each other, on the first floor, sufficiently distant from all house-bells, in a place where there will be no children passing the door, and free from all the odours of the dining-room, the windows commanding a fine landscape!" The clerk responded, "We will do the best we can for you, and will put down your name on a private list for better apartments when there is a vacancy. It is our pride to make the guests comfortable. John! show these people up to 397, 398, 399."

The procession start for the centre of the building, and go up this flight of stairs, up another, higher, higher, through this hall, out on that porch, higher, higher, around this corner, through that dark entry, higher, higher, the wrath of the Simingtons rising with every step of elevation, until, as the attendant opens the three doors and throws the shawls, um-

brellas, and satchels on the bed, the guests are almost speechless with rage. Old Simington says: "This is outrageous! They do not know who I am!" His wife says nothing, for she is out of breath from the exertion of climbing. Blanche bursts into tears. Frank exclaimed, with several unsavoury prefixes, "What a place to roost!" Matilda sat down and said, "Well, this is funny! but I guess we can make out. We will be rambling in the fields all day, and at night we can up here sleep so much nearer heaven." "Hush! you Methodist!" cried Mrs. Simington with her first gasp of utterance; "you will kill me yet with your religion. The top of a mean, dirty hotel, with the thermometer at three hundred, and no place to turn, or sit, or lie, is no place for moralising." At this she gave a tremendous pull to the bell, and shouted at the servant, "What kind of a place do you call this? Dirty pillow-cases, damp sheets, no soap, thimble-

ful of water, one towel, and no ice-water! Who would have thought I could ever come to this! J. Simington! why did you bring me here?" "My dear!" interrupted the husband, as he began to make an explanation. "Be still!" cried Mrs. Simington; "you did it a-purpose! How could you treat in this way the companion of your bosom?"

The fact was that the best rooms had all been taken. They always have been. We have known a great many people who went to watering-places, and we never knew of but one man who had rooms that entirely suited him. We have his photograph. The clerk at the hotel had never heard of the Simingtons. There are a great many rich people in the world, and a man must have a pile of dollars like an Astor or the Barings to be greatly distinguished. You see that money is a very uncertain thing, for many who have but little act as though they had much, and the really

affluent often make but little pretension, and people are worth so much more after they fail than before they fail. The hotel clerks had no idea of what kind of a house the Simingtons lived in, nor how many servants they kept, nor what mottled bays with silver bits moved in their flashing "turn-out." The hotel proprietors knew not but that, notwithstanding their appearance, these guests might really be as poor as the storied turkey that belonged to the "man of Uz." It might be possible that the Simingtons belonged to that class of people who, living at home in a small house, blacking their own boots, and doing the millinery of their own hats, and making their own dresses from patterns which they copy from a shop-window, come into hotels to order people about, and complain of their apartments, of the waiters, of the table-cloth—trying by their "air" to give everybody the idea that they are accustomed to having things better. Depend upon

it, those who at the public table insult the waiters, and send back the spring chicken three times before they get one of a proper shade of brown, and slash things around conspicuously, at home their greatest luxury is hash, which they eat off a table-cloth in need of soap, because they do their own washing; and that they seldom see a spring chicken except in a cheap wood-cut, or at their frugal breakfast, in a grocery egg which some worthy hen had for three weeks tried to hatch out, but in grief had surrendered to the huckster, who wanted just one more to make a dozen. Those who in public places never say "Thank you!" to the waiters, at home you may be sure have no waiters to thank. Considering what they have to suffer, we had rather be anything on earth than a hotel-waiter, excepting always the position of a mule on a tow-path, drawing a second-class canal-boat.

But the Simingtons really had it better at home. We wonder not that they noticed a contrast. From a house with fourteen spacious apartments, they had come to three, about as large as the rooms of a travelling photographist, who on four wheels carries from village to village art-gallery, bed-room, parlour, kitchen, and a place to dry clothes. There was no canopy to the bed, no embroidery to the pillows, no gilt on the lips of the pitcher. The window-shades would not work. The slats of the blinds were disordered, the carpet was faded, the drawers would not open, the atmosphere was musty, the flies were multitudinous, and nothing cooled the temper of the father, or regulated the respiration of the mother, or moderated the sarcastic ebullitions of Frank, or relieved Blanche's hysterics, but the potent consideration that they were, individually and collectively, having a good time.

But never mind. Their names were down

on the private list of those who had applied for better rooms when there were any vacated. We have all had our names down on that list. We have to-day the satisfaction of knowing that our names are down on several such lists at Long Branch, Cape May, Saratoga, Bellows Falls, Niagara, and the White Mountains. It is a roll of honour ever increasing. We have for the last five years been liable any moment to hear that there was at last for us a capacious room on the first floor, sufficiently distant from all the house-bells, in a place where there would be no children passing the door, and free from all the odours of the dining-room, the windows commanding a fine landscape. We hereby advise all who go to these places to see to it immediately on arrival that their names are recorded on this private register.

The fatigues of the day disposed the Simingtons to sound sleep at night. But the heat was intolerable. Mrs. Simington got up, and

sat by the window, and said she should die; and Simington, disturbed by her frequent moonlight excursions about the room, declared he hoped she would. The previous occupants of the room had come thither on a sleeping-car, the beds of which had been infested by travellers who always take a free passage, and who often become so attached to people on a short acquaintance, that they cannot consent to part. These little innocent previous occupants of the bed at the watering-place, were evidently provoked that their lodgings had been intruded upon. Mrs. Simington at midnight compelled her husband to sit up on a chair, while she shook the sheets, and with weapons deadly as Mrs. Surratt's "shooting-irons" pursued the insectiferous Amalekites, and from a bottle found on the shelf anointed them with an excellent oil that broke their heads.

At last the morning dawned, and the whole family started to take a drink at the Springs

before breakfast. The fountains were surrounded by a great crowd of people, and the test was who should drink the most. Now, J. Simington was physically almost as much in latitude as longitude, and therefore had unusual capacity. He unbuttoned his vest and threw back the lapels of his coat, and seemed to take down a whole glass at one swallow. Blanche made a wry face, and said such stuff as that would kill her, but Antonio Grimshaw had told her of the twenty-four glasses he took before breakfast, and so she resolved to do her best. Out of glasses from which scores of scrofulous, bad-breathed, dropsical people had been refreshing themselves, the Simingtons, who had not for the last two years been willing to drink out of anybody else's tumbler, took down the disagreeable beverage. Matilda drank two or three glasses, and said she thought there was reason in all things, and that she had had enough. But the rest of the family took ten apiece

before they began to discuss the question of stopping. Then they made several turns about the grass-plot, and came back able to take more. They sipped the liquid health. They poured it down. They plunged their face into the glass till their nose dripped with it. They drank for a while standing on one foot, then they resumed, standing on the other. They quaffed the nectar of the hills till the dipping-boys were confounded. Others handed the glasses back, the contents only half taken, these drained the last drop at the bottom. They rolled the water under their tongue as though it were perfect sweetness. They took up the brimming cups carefully, so as not to spill the precious liquid. After most of the health-seekers had left the fountain, Mrs. Simington cried out, "More! more! Here, boy! attend to your business!" And when at last they wended their way toward the hotel, they feared they had not fully improved their privileges.

For some reason they all day felt miserable, and had no appetite, felt faint, and chilly, and nauseated, so that before noon Blanche went to her bed and had a doctor. But that night was to come off the "hop" of the season, and, sick or well, she meant to go to it. During the forenoon Matilda nursed her sister, and answered her fears by prophecy that she would soon feel better. As the hour for the "hop" drew near, the sick one recovered. Taking only a short while for her own toilet, Matilda gave her chief time to the adornment of Blanche and her mother. All the trunks were opened, and out came all the splendour of the Simingtons, the numberless items of which I have already named. Matilda selected for the evening the tamer colours; but Mrs. Simington exclaimed, "Matilda! you shall not make a Methodist of your sister."

The ornamentation went on until ten o'clock. The elder Simington had got himself into

a profuse perspiration in trying to tie Mrs. Simington's corset, and in the effort to bring together the fastenings of Blanche's dress the energies of the whole family were taxed. But, the work done, they start for the ball-room. Such a cavalcade seldom descended at the watering-place. Blanche was in perpetual dread lest some one should tread on her dress, and her mother worried lest her own head-gear should not be appreciated. The music of the orchestra rose to their ears, and with a feeling of pride and jubilance that surpassed everything the Simingtons had felt, they march into the brilliant circle. The mother was well pleased to see Matilda take a chair in an inconspicuous place, instead of joining the dance, for, notwithstanding all that maternal kindness could effect, Matilda *would* walk naturally, and took no pains to hide her unfashionable waist, and blushed so red on the least provocation that her cheek was as ruddy as a mountain-lass

who had never done anything to improve her complexion. But Frank, with Blanche on his arm, promenaded the room, that all might admire his sister's beauty.

The rustle of silks, the tap of a hundred feet, the quick pulsations of flutes and horns, the magnificent burst of harmonies, the ringing voice of the manager, the blaze of diamonds on head and hand and neck, the bow, the whirl, the laughter, the transport, were beyond anticipation. At the close of the first "set," Mrs. Simington, in manner naïve as any girl, and with silk fan patting her lip, stood before a bashful young man, whom she had thoroughly cornered with her outspread immensity of skirts, engaged in conversation, chiefly conducted by herself, in which were most prominent the words, "Really," "Indeed," "Delightful," "So nice," "Yes!" "My stars!" and similar expressions, suggestive of affluence of thought and profundity of investigation.

But it must be acknowledged that this lady produced that night no pleasing impression. She was set down as one of that class of women who may always be seen in such places, and who, having outlived their youthfulness, have an idea that by extra lace, skirt, slipper, and mincing, they can make themselves perfectly killing. One of the worst-looking birds that we know of is a peacock after it has lost its feathers.

The handsomest man on the floor was Dallas Clifford. His walk, his glance, his dress, his talk, were a perpetual sensation. For several summers he made the tour of the watering-places, now stopping at the Falls, then at the Springs, and concluding at the sea-shore. He had long done as he pleased, his father from a princely purse furnishing him all he desired. His hands had never been hardened by toil, nor his brow paled with thought. He had been expelled the first year of his college course for indolence and occasional dissipation.

He had no regard for God or man, but great admiration for the ladies. That night, as he moved in the dance, there were scores who exclaimed, "Such eyes!" "Such lips!" "Such gait!" "Who ever saw the equal?"

During the day, Frank Simington, while taking a drink at the bar, had been introduced to this pet of the watering-places. They were immediately congenial, found they liked the same kind of wines, the same kind of fast horses, and the same style of feminine beauty. So they drank each other's health, and before a week had passed, drank it in sulphur water at the Springs, drank it in Hock, drank it in Cognac, drank it in Burgundy, drank it in Madeira, drank it in Swan gin, drank it in Heidsieck, drank it in Champagne, drank it in Cliquot.

Frank was resolved that at the "hop" his sister Blanche should have the advantage of an acquaintance with Dallas Clifford. In the

making up of the first "set" the introduction took place, and Clifford offered his arm, and accompanied Blanche in all the dances of the evening. Together they bounded in the "gallop," and bowed in "The Lancers," and stepped in "The Redowa," and whirled in the "waltz." If there really were darts in jealous eyes, Blanche would have been transfixed with a hundred. It seemed almost a unanimous opinion that she was not fit to dance with such a prodigy. There were many who would have been glad to hear her dress rip, or see her false hair tumble. An envious mamma, who had for three hours been arranging her own daughter with especial reference to the capture of Clifford, remarked, in quite loud voice, hoping that Blanche would hear it, "I knew her father when he sold fish in the market!" "Yes," says another, "the Simingtons always were vulgar!" But Blanche's mother looked on with an admiration she did not try to con-

ceal. She thought, "How beautiful they look together! Both young; both handsome; both rich. It would be just the thing." She looked at Simington, and Simington looked at her with a joy equal to that which he felt on the day when, from the top of "Slippery Rock," he tumbled into a fortune.

While the Simingtons returned to their rooms in a state of delectation, there were many who left the ball-room with hearts far from happy. Their splendour of dress had not been appreciated. They had not danced with those whose company they most desired. Others not half so attractive as themselves had carried off the spoils, and the "hop" had kindled more heart-burnings, jealousies, scandals, revenges, satires, and backbitings than will ever be told of. Some wished they were home. Others wished they had been dressed differently. Still others wished they had gone to some other watering-place, where they would

have been appreciated. They denounced the music, and the manager, and the ball-room. The men were all "gawks," and the ladies all "flirts," and the whole evening a vexation. They never before saw such miserable head-dresses, or such ridiculous slippers, or so many paste diamonds. Some of the more tenderly nervous, as soon as they reached their rooms, sat down and cried. They had been neglected. They took such coldness on the part of gentlemen as a positive insult. They threw their satin slippers into the corner with a vengeance, and, in perfect recklessness as to consequences, tossed a two-pound ball of hair against the looking-glass, and vowed they would never go again.

Not so with Blanche, for she dreamed all night of castles, and parks of deer, and galleries of art, and music, and gobelin tapestry, and of gondolas putting out from golden sands, on sapphire waters, angel-beckoned. But the

next morning the whole Simington family gathered themselves together to attend to Matilda. The evening before, instead of whirling in the dance, she had sat and looked on, much of the time talking to a long, lean, cadaverous gentleman, who had somehow obtained acquaintance with her. The gentleman, having just graduated from the law school, had come to recruit from exhaustion of protracted study, and was staying at "The Brodwell House," a cheap but respectable hotel, in one of the less prominent streets. He was plainly dressed, had neither diamond breast-pin, nor kid gloves, nor whisk cane, nor easy manners. He came in that evening to see what he could learn of the gay world, and sat studying character while looking at the "hop." The Simingtons felt outraged at Matilda's behaviour. How could she sit there and talk with a man who was stopping at the Brodwell House! He would never be anything. He had actually

appeared in bare hands, and they were big. How could she throw herself away, and forget her father's name, and her mother's entreaty, and her sister's prospects! "But," said Matilda, "he was intelligent, and the tones of his voice indicated a kind disposition, and the ideas he expressed were elevated, and positively Christian." "Dear me!" said her mother. "Matilda! I expect you will pass your whole life in saying your prayers and talking religion. I despair of ever making you anything worthy of the Simingtons!" "More than that," said Matilda, "his conversation was very improving, and we have engaged to walk to-day to Cedar Grove, and examine the peculiar flora which he says abound in that region. We are both very fond of botany."

While Matilda and the law student were out on the floral excursion, and talking of all the subjects kindred to flowers, Dallas Clifford and Blanche were arm-in-arm promenading the

piazza, or at the piano; while Miss Simington was making up for her lack of musical skill by great exuberance of racket, Clifford was turning for her the leaves, and, between his favourite selections, uttering various sentimentalities, and interlarding his conversation with all the French phrases he knew—such as *tout ensemble, valet de chambre, hors du combat, à la belle étoile, chateau en Espagne,* till several persons standing near felt so sick they had to leave the room and take a little soda to settle their stomachs.

Meanwhile, from day to day, and from week to week, Mr. and Mrs. Simington wandered about, not knowing what to do with themselves. They had no taste for reading, although in Rittenhouse Square they had a costly library; indeed they owned ten thousand dollars' worth of books. Through a literary friend empowered to make selection, J. Simington had secured all the standard works of history,

poetry, romance, art, and ethics. Although acquainted with none of the dead languages, he owned Æschylus, Lucian, Sophocles, Strabo, Pindar, and Plautus. He rejoiced in possessing so many square feet of brains, and realized that Aristophanes ought to feel honoured to stand on the shelf of the Simingtons. Several times he had looked at the pictures in Don Quixote, and took the engraving of the traveller in Pilgrim's Progress to be the sketch of some unfortunate traveller in the oil regions, and supposed that Macaulay's History was merely a continuance of the wonderful escapes of Robinson Crusoe, and that "Young's Night Thoughts" was the story of some dream which that worthy had experienced after a late supper of boiled crabs. Nevertheless, there were whole shelves of books in richest foreign bindings, printed on vellum, tipped with gold, set off with exquisite vignettes. Among these a copy of the Scriptures, upon which all the

wealth of typology, etching, and book-bindery had displayed itself—a Bible so grandly gotten up, that if the inspired fishermen had come in, and, with their hands yet hard from the fishing-tackle, had attempted to touch it, they would have been kicked out.

Mr. and Mrs. Simington had not brought with them any of these standard works, but for purposes of light reading had bought from the news-boy on the cars five volumes, entitled, "The Revenge," "The Bloody Tinge," "Castles on Fire," "The Frightful Leap," and "The Murderess on Trial." But they had no taste even for such fascinating literature. Mrs. Simington, with "The Frightful Leap" under her arm, walked from bedroom to parlour, and from parlour to hall, and from hall to piazza, wondering when dinner would be ready. She tried to sleep in the daytime, but the bed was hard, and she felt restless. She met on the stairs a lady who, like herself, was afflicted with

restlessness, and said that the day was hot, or dusty, or asked the other lady how many glasses of water she could take before breakfast, and then passed on. She sat down and groaned without any apparent cause. She walked in front of the long mirror to see how her shawl looked, and then walked back again, then stepped up face to face with the looking-glass, gave a twist to one of her curls, drew her face into a pucker, surveyed the room to see if anyone was observing, and then sat down again. She jogged her foot uneasily, and thumped her fingers on the table, and looked for the twentieth time at the pictures in "The Frightful Leap," and, without any especial feeling of hunger, longed for the doors of the dining-hall to open, that she might have something to do. She found no relief from this feeling in looking at others, for nine-tenths of all the ladies were wandering about in the same perplexity. They differed in many other

things. Some had fans, and some were without ans. Some wore white, and some black. Some had curls, and some no curls. Some roomed in the third story, and some in the fourth. Some took soup, and some did not. But whatever might be their differences, they nearly all agreed in a feeling of unrest, longed for something to do, studied where they had better go next, agonized for something to see, and wondered when dinner would be ready.

Mr. Simington exhibited in a different way the same feeling. At home he was a man of business. Though owning a large estate, he had the peculiarity of wanting more. The change from the active commercial circles in which he was accustomed to mingle, to his present entire cessation from business, was unbearable. He walked about with the solemnity, but without the resignation of a martyr. He bothered the clerk of the hotel by incessant asking, "Is the mail in?" He wondered

whether gold was up or down. Wondered whether his firm had heard from that man out West. Wondered if they were working off that old stock of goods. He walked over to the billiard saloon; went down to the bowling-alley; felt thankful as he met a little Indian boy with arrows wanting a penny put up to be shot at; walked round the block, came back, and asked, "Is the mail in?"

But there was another form of amusement in which J. Simington frequently found relief, and that was in the examination of the hotel-register. It was such a pleasant thing to go up and read the arrivals for the last month, and study the chirography of distinguished individuals. The only hindrance to this was the fact that a dozen other gentlemen with nothing else to do were wanting to examine the record at the same time, those standing in front somewhat vexed at having so many people looking over their shoulders.

Although possessing large means, he whiled

away much of the time by denouncing the extortion of hotel-keepers, and the extortion of boot-blacks, and the extortion of porters, and the extortion of livery-men. As to the waiters, he said you were sure to get macca-roni soup when you ordered mock-turtle, or blue-fish when you ordered sheep's-head. What was worse for a nervous man, there were so many sick people who had gone there for their health. But this imposition, which J. Simington bore in silence, his wife openly condemned. "How can I stand it?" she cried, "this everlasting wheezing of asthmatics, and hobbling of cripples, and dropsical swellings, and jaundiced complexions, and display of sores!" She did not know why such people were allowed to come there. It was perfectly outrageous. The place for sick people was at home. Once she lay all night with two pillows and a shawl on her ear, so as not to hear the coughing in an adjoining apartment.

At last the day for the long-expected horse-race arrived, and although J. Simington and his wife did not much approve of horse-racing, they hired a carriage at ten dollars an hour (vehicles were that day so much in demand) and went out to the course. The dust flew till Mrs. Simington's eyes and mouth and nose were full, and two fast gentlemen, with their horses at full run, dashed into the carriage of our friends, and almost upset them. But Mr. Simington soothed his wife's consternation, and calmed her feelings, by bidding her remember that they were having a good time. The platforms were crowded, sporting hats were numerous, all the adjoining stables crowded with fine horses, which were being rubbed down and blanketed. And to put themselves under the treatment of the elevating influences of the race-course, there came in gamblers, pickpockets, thieves, horse-jockeys, bloats, and libertines. It was high carnival for rum, onions, tobacco-

spit, long hair thick with bear's-grease and ox-marrow, strong cigars, poor cologne, banter, and blasphemy. You could no more doubt the high morality of the races if you looked at the horses, for they were well-dressed, drank nothing but water, and used no bad language. When the two favourite race-horses sped round the track, nostril to nostril, flank to flank, Mrs. Simington wanted to bet, and Mr. Simington threw up his hat, and *she* said, "Did you ever?" and *he* answered, "No! I never did!"

That night, as they were about to retire, a loud rap was heard at their door. Frank, in a state of beastly intoxication, was ushered in by Dallas Clifford, himself only a few degrees less damaged. They had both been at the horse-race, and since their return had tarried at the bar. As Frank's hat fell off, there was seen across his forehead a long gash made by the glass of an enraged comrade, because Frank, having lost a bet, had refused to pay up. Some

one had relieved him of his gold watch, and, splashed with mud and vomit, he fell over at the feet of his father and mother, the only son of the Simingtons. The truth was, that during all the weeks of their stay, Frank, in order to throw off *ennui* and keep up his spirits, had made frequent visits to the bar-room, drinking with all his new acquaintances. Dallas Clifford drank even more, but had a constitution not so easily capsized. Indeed, after his fifth glass of old Otard he won a bet by successfully walking a crack in the floor.

We have noticed around many of our watering-places a class of fast young men with faces flushed, and eyes bloodshot, and hair excessively oiled, and whiskers extremely curled, and handkerchief furiously perfumed, and breath that dashes the air with odours of mint-julep and a destroyed stomach. They watch about the door for new-comers, make up their minds whether a young man has money, invite him

to drink, coax him to throw dice, smite his ear with uncleanness, poison his imagination, undermine his health, and plunge their vulturous beaks into the vitals of his soul. Frank, through expectation of inheriting large property, had for some time been going down, and the six weeks passed at the fashionable watering-place, fastened on him a chain which he was never to break. He was going with lightning speed on a down grade, spent the most of the next six months at saloons, and died of *delirium tremens* at Rittenhouse Square, his last moments haunted by such terrors, that to drown his shrieks, the neighbours for a block around held their ears, and prayed God that their own sons might be saved from the dissipations of fashionable watering-places.

But I must not go so fast. You want to know whether the law-student and Matilda ever got back from their floral excursion? No, never; they are hunting flowers yet, and

always finding them in pairs; plucking them in all the walks of life, by streams of gladness, on hills of joy, in shady nooks. They could find nettles, and wasps, and colopendra, if so they desired. They are not hunting for these. They are looking for flowers; and so there is the breath of the evening primrose in their conversation, and the distillation of sweet-alyssum in their demeanour, and the aroma of phlox in their disposition. They are hunting flowers to-day in the door-yard of a plain house on the outskirts of the village. Last night, he, who was a year ago a law-student, pleaded in the court-room for a man's life, and pleaded in such tones of surpassing tenderness and power, that this morning his table was covered with congratulatory notes from old members of the bar, saying that the like of it they had never heard, and prophesying topmost eminence in his profession; and people who have wrongs to right, and estates to settle, and causes to plead, have

been coming in all day to give him retainers. The young man is as modest now as on the evening when he wandered up with his big hands from Brodwell House to witness the "hop." And Matilda talks so much of the kindness of God, that her mother still calls her a Methodist. Indeed, when this young husband and wife go out to hunt flowers, they do not look for anything large or pretentious, but, strolling along on the grass, are apt to come upon a nest of violets.

Do you want to know the sequel of Dallas Clifford's demeanour? At the Springs he never appeared before Blanche until his breath had been properly disguised, and the last mark of rowdyism was brushed off. At the close of the six weeks, and a few days before the Simingtons took their departure, affairs between Dallas and Blanche came to a settlement. Much of the talk about blushes, awful silences, and faintings at such a crisis, is an invention of story-writers

The last time a sham lady would faint is at such a juncture, especially if it were a good offer.

But one thing was certain: about two months afterwards, the mansion in Rittenhouse Square was lighted for a wedding. The carriages reached a block each way. Everybody said that Blanche looked beautiful. Dallas Clifford took her hand, and vowed before Almighty God, and a great cloud of witnesses, that he would love, cherish and protect.

The wine poured from the bottles, and foamed in the beakers, and glowed under the chandeliers. Dallas Clifford drank with all; drank again and again. Drank with old and young. Drank with brothers and sisters. Drank until Blanche besought him to take no more. Drank till his tongue was thick, and his knees weakened, and the banquet swam away from his vision, and he was carried up stairs, struggling, hooping, and cursing. Oh!

there was an unseen Hand writing on that gilded wall terrible meanings. There was a serpent that put its tongue from that basket of grapes on the table. On the smoke of the costly viands an evil spirit floated. Instead of the ring in the bride's cake, there was an iron chain. Those red drops on the table were not so much spilled wine as blood. Louder than the guffaw of laughter arose the hiccough of despair.

SWALLOWING A FLY.

SWALLOWING A FLY.

A COUNTRY meeting-house. A mid-summer Sabbath. The air lazy and warm. The grave-yard around about oppressively still, the white slabs here and there shining in the light like the drifted snows of death, and not a grass-blade rustling as though a sleeper had stirred in his dream.

Clap-boards of the church weather-beaten, and very much *bored*, either by humble-bees, or long sermons, probably the former, as the puncture was on the out-side, instead of the *in*. Farmers, worn out with harvesting, excessively soothed by the services into dreaming of the

good time coming, when wheat shall be worth twice as much to the bushel, and a basket of fresh-laid eggs will buy a Sunday jacket for a boy.

We had come to the middle of our sermon, when a large fly, taking advantage of the opened mouth of the speaker, darted into our throat. The crisis was upon us. Shall we cough and eject this impertinent intruder, or let him silently have his way? We had no precedent to guide us. We knew not what the fathers of the Church did in like circumstances, or the mothers either. We are not informed that Chrysostom ever turned himself into a fly-trap. We knew not what the Synod of Dort would have said to a minister's eating flies during religious services.

We saw the unfairness of taking advantage of a fly in such straitened circumstances. It may have been a blind fly, and not have known where it was going. It may have been a

scientific fly, and only experimenting with air currents. It may have been a reckless fly, doing what he soon would be sorry for, or a young fly, and gone a-sailing on Sunday without his mother's consent.

Beside this, we are not fond of flies prepared in that way. We have, no doubt, often taken them preserved in blackberry jam, or, in the poorly lighted eating-house, taken them done up in Stewart's syrup. But fly in the *raw* was a diet from which we recoiled. We would have preferred it roasted, or fried, or panned, or baked, and then to have chosen our favourite part, the upper joint, and a little of the breast, if you please, sir. But, no; it was wings, proboscis, feet, poisers, and alimentary canal. There was no choice; it was all, or none.

We foresaw the excitement and disturbance we would make, and the probability of losing our thread of discourse, if we undertook a series of coughs, chokings, and expectorations, and

that, after all our efforts, we might be unsuccessful, and end the affray with a fly's wing on our lip, and a leg in the windpipe, and the most unsavoury part of it all under the tongue.

We concluded to take down the nuisance. We rallied all our energies. It was the most animated passage in all our discourse. We were not at all hungry for anything, much less for such hastily-prepared viands. We found it no easy job. The fly evidently wanted to back out. "No!" we said within ourselves. "Too late to retreat. You are in for it now!" We addressed it in the words of Noah to the orang-outang, as it was about entering the Ark, and lingered too long at the door, "Go in, sir—go in!"

And so we conquered, giving a warning to flies and men that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out again. We have never mentioned the above circumstance before; we felt it a delicate subject. But all the fly's friends

are dead, and we can slander it as much as we please, and there is no danger now. We have had the thing on our mind ever since we had it on our stomach, and so we come to this confessional.

You acknowledge that we did the wisest thing that could be done; and yet how many people spend their time in elaborate, and long-continued, and convulsive ejection of flies which they ought to swallow and have done with.

Your husband's thoughtlessness is an exceeding annoyance. He is a good man, no better husband since Adam gave up a spare rib as a nucleus around which to gather a woman. But he is careless about where he throws his slippers. On the top of one of your best parlour books he has laid a plug of pig-tail tobacco. For fifteen years you have lectured him about leaving the newspaper on the floor. Do not let such little things interfere with your domestic peace. Better swallow the fly, and have done with it.

Here is a critic, to you a perpetual annoyance.

He has no great capacity himself, but he keeps up a constant buzzing. You write a book, he caricatures it. You make a speech, he sneers at it. You never open your mouth but he flies into it. You have used up a magazine of powder in trying to curtail the sphere of that insect. You chased him around the corner of a *Quarterly Review*. You hounded him out from the cellar of a newspaper. You stop the urgent work of life to catch one poor fly—the Cincinnati Express train stopping at midnight to send a brakeman ahead with flag and lantern to scare the mosquitos off the track; a "Swamp-Angel" out a-gunning for rats.

It never pays to hunt a fly. You clutch at him. You sweep your hand convulsively through the air. You wait till he alights on your face, and then give a fierce slap on the place where he was. You slyly wait till he crawls up your sleeve, and then give a violent crush to the folds of your coat, to find out that

it was a different fly from the one you were searching after. *That* one sits laughing at your vexation from the tip of your nose.

Apothecaries advertise insect-exterminators; but if in summer-time we set a glass to catch flies, for every one we kill there are twelve coroners called to sit as jury of inquest; and no sooner does one disappear under our fell pursuit, than all its brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and second cousins come out to see what in the world is the matter. So with the unclean critics that crawl over an author's head. You cannot destroy them with bludgeons. There is a time in a schoolboy's history when a fine-tooth comb will give him more relief than a whole park of artillery. O man! go on with your life-work! If, opening your mouth to say the thing that ought to be said, a fly dart in, SWALLOW IT!

The current of your happiness is often choked up by trifles. Your chimney smokes. Through the thick vapour you see no blessing left. You

feel that with the right kind of a chimney you could be happy. It would be worse if you had no chimney at all, and still worse if you had no fire. Household annoyances multiply the martyrs of the kitchen. The want of more pantry room, the need of an additional closet, the smallness of the bread-tray, the defectiveness of the range, the lack of draught in a furnace, a crack in the saucepan, are flies in the throat. Open your mouth, shut your eyes, and gulp down the annoyances.

The aforesaid fly, of whose demise I spoke, was digested, and turned into muscle and bone, and went to preaching himself. Vexations conquered become additional strength. We would all be rich in disposition, if we learned to tax for our benefit the things that stick and scratch. We ought to collect a tariff on needles and pins. The flower struck of the tempest, catches the drop that made it tremble, and turns the water into wine. The battle in, and the victory

dependent on your next sabre-stroke, throw not your armour down to shake a gravel from your shoe. The blue fly of despondency has choked to death many a giant.

Had we stopped on the aforesaid day to kill the insect, at the same time we would have killed our sermon. We could not waste our time on such a combat. Truth ought not to be wrecked on an insect's proboscis. You are all ordained to some mission by the laying on of the hard hands of work, the white hands of joy, and the black hands of trouble. Whether your pulpit be blacksmith's anvil, or carpenter's bench, or merchant's counter, do not stop for a fly.

Our every life is a sermon. Our birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull, and some sprightly. Then come inferences and applica-

tions. At seventy years we say "Fifthly and Lastly." The Doxology is sung. The Benediction is pronounced. The Book closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key on his shoulder.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

THE old adage that a girl is worth a thousand dollars, and a boy worth fifteen hundred, is a depreciation of values. I warrant that the man who invented the theory was a bachelor, or he would not have set down the youngsters so far below cost. When the poorest child is born, a star of joy points down to the manger.

We are tired of hearing of the duty that children owe to their parents. Let some one write a disquisition on what parents owe to their children. What though they do upset things, and chase the cats, and eat themselves

into colic with green apples, and empty the castor of sweet-oil into the gravy, and bedaub their hands with tar? Grown people have the privilege of larger difficulties, and will you not let the children have a few smaller predicaments? How can we ever pay them for the prattle that drives our cares away, and the shower of soft flaxen curls on our hot cheek, and the flowers with which they have strewn our way, plucking them from the margin of their cradles, and the opening with little hands of doors into new dispensations of love?

A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—and "a little child shall lead them." Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is wakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of the babe!

But there are children who have been so thoroughly spoiled they are a terror to the community. As you are about to enter your neighbour's door, his turbulent boy will come at you with the plunge of a buffalo, pitching his head into your diaphragm. He will, in the night, stretch a rope from tree to tree to dislocate your hat, or give some passing citizen a sudden halt as the rope catches at the throat, and he is hung before his time. They can, in a day, brake more toys, slit more kites, lose more marbles, than all the fathers and mothers of the neighbourhood could restore in a week. They talk roughly, make old people stop to let them pass, upset the little girl's school-basket, and make themselves universally disagreeable. You feel as if you would like to get hold of them just for once, or in their behalf call on the firm of Birch & Spank.

It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things

are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will endeavour to open.

If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. It is exhilarating and enlarging for a man to own such an animal. A good horseback ride shakes up the liver and helps the man to be virtuous, for it is almost impossible to be good with too much bile, an enlarged spleen, or a stomach off duty. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruc-

tion. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. The bit will not be strong enough to rein in at the right place. There are men who all their lives have been going down hill, and the reason is, that in boyhood they sprang astride a horse, and got going so fast that they have never been able to stop.

But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. There are excellent people, who, through fear of producing childish vanity, are unresponsive to the very best endeavour. When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a

bully on the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in colour, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps *you* would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it. The fare is cheap on the road between here and Smashupton. I have known boys with five dollars to pay their

way clear through, and make all the connections on the "Grand Trunk" route to perdition. We know not why loose cash in a boy'sp ocket is called *pin* money, unless because it often sticks a hole into his habits. First he will buy raisins, then almonds, then a whisk cane, then a breast pin, then cigars, then a keg of "lager," then a ticket for a drunken excursion, and there may possibly be money enough left for the father to buy for his boy a coffin.

Let children know something of the worth of money, by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. Daniel Webster knew everything except how to use money. From boyhood he had things mixed up. His mother gave him and Ezekiel money for Fourth of July. As the boys came back from the village, the mother said, "Daniel, what did

you buy with your money?" and he answered, "I bought a cake and a candy, and some beer, and some fire-crackers." Then turning to Ezekiel she said, "What did you buy with *your* money?" "Oh," said Ezekiel, "*Daniel* borrowed mine."

On the other hand, it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a Paradise of liquor ice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need *enough* money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more cornfields than they culture!

Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The

mother's rheumatism hurts so, she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlour is a Parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is Geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend "Young's Night Thoughts" and "Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs."

At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the Catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.

A sure way of spoiling children is by surfeiting

them with food. Many of them have been stuffed to death. The mother spoke of it as a grand achievement that her boy ate ten eggs at Easter. He waddles across the room under burdens of porter-house steak and plum-pudding enough to swamp a day-labourer. He runs his arm up to the elbow in the jar of blackberry jam, and pulls it out amid the roar of the whole household thrown into hysterics with the witticism. After a while he has a pain, then he gets "the dumps," soon he will be troubled with indigestion, occasionally he will have a fit, and last of all he gets a fever, and dies. The parents have no idea that they are to blame. Beautiful verses are cut on the tombstone, when, if the truth had been told, the epitaph would have read—

KILLED BY APPLE DUMPLINGS!

THE SMILE OF THE SEA.

THE SMILE OF THE SEA.

WE had built up all the stories of seafaring men into one tremendous imagining of the ocean. We went on board, ready for typhoons and euroclydons. We thought the sea a monster, with ships in its maw, and hurricanes in its mane. In our ten days' voyage, we have seen it in various moods, but have been impressed with nothing so much as the smile of the sea. While we have not found the the poetic "cradle of the deep," we have concluded that the sea is only a vigorous old nurse that jolts the child up and down on a hard knee, without much reference to how much it can endure.

We cannot forget the brightness of the morning in which we came down the bay, followed to Sandy Hook by five hundred friends, lashing us out to sea with waving pocket-handkerchiefs, and pelting us with their huzzas. The sun set, and the moon took the veil of a nun and went into the dark turrets of midnight cloud, and the stars dropped their flakes of light into the water, and melted into the blackness; but the sunlight of the cheery faces at the starting has shone on three thousand miles of water. So many friendly hands helped to steady the ship, and the breath of so many voices filled the sails, which, by the help of the great screw, are bearing us onward.

Though a gentleman has pronounced the sea one vast dose of ipecac, and though it may betray us in the future, we set down the sea as one of our best friends. We never were treated so well in all our life. We have had, since we started, some wild tossing, but the

waves are swarthy giants, and you must expect that their play will not be that of kittens, but of a lioness with her cubs, or a leviathan with its young. When Titans play ball, they throw rocks. The heavy surge which rolls the ship while I write is probably only the effort of the sea to stop laughing. It has been in a grand gale, and its sides are heaving yet with the uproarious mirthfulness.

There are physical constitutions that will not harmonize with the water; but one-half the things that writers record against the sea is the result of their own intemperance. The sea-air rouses a wolf of an appetite, and nine-tenths of the passengers turn into meat-stuffers. From morn till night, down go the avalanches of provender. Invalids, on their way to Europe for the cure of dyspepsia, are seen gorging themselves at nine o'clock, at twelve, at four, at seven, and at ten. I hear men who, at eleven o'clock last night, took pigeons, and

chickens, and claret, and Hock, and Burgundy, and Old Tom, and Cheshire cheese, and sardines, and anchovies, and grouse, and gravies, complaining that they feel miserable this morning. Much of the sea-sickness is an insurrection of the stomach against too great instalments of salmon, and raisins, and roast turkey, and nuts, and damson pies, and an infinity of pastry. One-half of the same dissipation on land would necessitate the attendance of the family doctor, and two nurses on the side of the bed to keep the howling patient from leaping out of the third-story window.

Oh, the joy of the sea! The vessel bounds like a racer on the "home-stretch," bending into the bit, its sides flanked with the foam, and its white mane flying on the wild wind. We have dropped the world behind us. Going to Long Branch, or Sharon Springs, our letters come, and the papers, but it would be hard for cares to keep up with a Cunard steamer.

They cannot swim. They could not live an hour in such a surf. They have been drowned out, and are forgotten.

On the land, when morning comes, it seems to run up from the other side of the hills, and, with its face red from climbing, stands looking through the pines and cedars. On the sea, it comes down from God out of heaven on ladders of light to bathe in the water, the waves dripping from her ringlets and sash of fire, or throwing up their white caps to greet her, and the sea-gull alights on her brow at the glorious baptism. No smoke of factory on the clear air. No shuffling of weary feet on the glass of the water-pavement. But Him of Genesareth setting his foot in the snow of the surf, and stroking the neck of the waves as they lick His feet and play about Him.

He who goes to sea with keen appreciation of the ludicrous will not be able to keep his gravity. We are not conscious of having, in

any three months of our lives, so tested the strength of our buttons as on this ten days' trip. We confess our incapacity to see without demonstration of merriment the unheard-of posture taken by passengers on a rocking ship. Think of bashful ladies being violently pitched into the arms of the boatswain, and of a man like myself escorting two elegant ladies across the slippery deck, till, with one sudden lurch, we are driven from starboard to port, with most unclerical sprawl, in one grand crash of crinoline and whiskers, chignon catching in overcoat-pocket, and our head entangled in the folds of a rigolette. Imagine the steward emptying a bowl of turtle-soup into the lap of a New York exquisite; or one not accustomed to angling, fishing for herring under an upset dinner-plate. Consider our agitation, when, in the morning, after waking our companion with the snatch of some familiar tunes, we found her diving out of the berth head-fore-

most, to the tune of "Star Spangled Banner," and Dundee, with the variations. If in all the ships on the deep there are so many grotesque goings-on as in our vessel, we wonder not that this morning the sea from New York to Liverpool is shaking its sides with roistering merriment.

But the grandest smile of the sea is, after a rough day, in the phosphorescence that blazes from horizon to horizon. Some tell us it is the spawn of the jelly-fish, and some that it is a collection of marine insects; but those who say they do not know what it is, probably come nearest the truth. The prow of the vessel breaks it up into two great sheaves of light, and the glory keeps up a running fire along the beam's-end till the mind falls back benumbed, unable longer to take in the splendour. In one direction, it is like a vast mosaic, and yonder it now quivers, the "lightning of the sea." Here it is crystal inlaid with jet; or

the eyes of sea-serpents flashing through the hissing waters; or a tall wave robed in white, flying, with long trail, toward the East; or the tossing up in the palm of the ocean a handful of opals, answered by the sparkle on one finger of foam; and then the long-restrained beauty breaking out into a whole sea of fire. On this suspended bridge many of the glories of the earth and heaven come out to greet each other, and stand beckoning to ship, and shore, and sky, for all the rest of the glories to come and join them. Meanwhile, the vessel plunges its proboscis into the deep, and casts carelessly aside into the darkness more gems than ever came from Brazil and Golconda. Historians think it worth recording, that, at an ancient feast, a pearl was dissolved in the wine, and drunk by a royal woman; but a million pearls are dissolved at this phosphorescent banquet of the deep, around whose board all nations sit drinking. The stars are to drop like

blasted figs, and the sun is to be snuffed out; but when the ocean dies, its spirit will arise in white robe of mist, and lie down before the throne of God, "*a sea of glass mingled with fire.*"

N.B.—I hereby reserve the privilege of taking back all I have said, if, on my way to America, the sea does not behave itself well.

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